The Outlook

OCTOBER 31, 1923

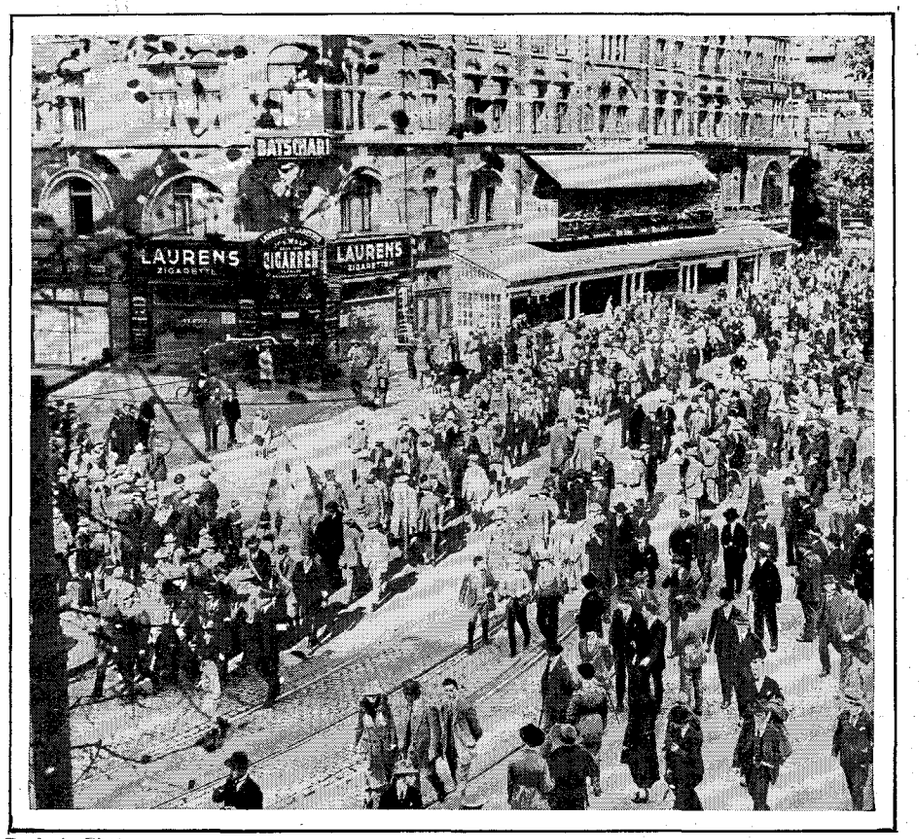
GERMANY AT LOOSE ENDS

SUDDENLY but not unexpectedly the seams in the German Ship of State, the Reich, have begun to open. Prussia, which has contained both the engine-room and the captain's bridge, is losing its connections with the Saxon, Bavarian, and Rhineland compartments. The ship was not built strong enough to withstand the strain of bad weather under reckless navigating officers.

Bavaria is in open revolt against the Reich. Federal troops in Bavaria, violating their oath to serve the Central Government, have taken an oath of allegiance to Bavaria. In Munich this is interpreted, not as treason, but as a patriotic movement to withstand the Communism of Saxony and the so-called Socialism of Prussia.

Saxony in its turn has become recalcitrant and has broken its diplomatic relations with Bavaria, on the one hand, and, on the other, has defied the commands of the general in charge of the Federal troops there.

Towns and cities in the region of the Rhine have come under the control of separatists, who hope to erect a new free Republic of the Rhineland. This movement began its overt operations on October 21 at Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen, in German), on the Belgian border. Most of these towns and cities are in the northern part of the Rhineland, but among those taken over by the separatists is the considerable city of Wiesbaden, farther south. According to reports, these various revolts against the Central Government at Berlin have not been well organized under a common control. In each case it is a minority that is acting, but there has been little resistance. Most of the uprisings have started in territory occupied by the Belgians. Some of the separatists hope to get these various movements united so as to form a government with its seat at Coblenz, the former headquarters of the American Army of Occupation. The French, so far as reports can be trusted, have given no aid to the separatists, but have not interfered with them. Dr. Hans Dorten, who was formerly prominent as a leader in the agitation for a separate Rhineland republic, has had apparently no control over most of these uprisings. The most prominent of the leaders in these uprisings is Leo Deckers, who organized the movement at Aix-la-Chapelle, but he has not by any means controlled all the movements elsewhere. The Rhinelanders have no reason for loving the Prussians, and they have suffered greatly from the depreciation of the national currency.



P. & A. Photos

SEPARATISTS IN THE RHINELAND—A DEMONSTRATION IN DÜSSELDORF

For several weeks observers in Europe have been anticipating what has now happened. The London "Outlook" (no connection of this journal), which has been deploring the course of France and has violently criticised the British Government for not forcefully resisting the French policy, has practically given up hope for a united Germany and says that "it does not require much imagination to see the German Empire of the nineteenth century reverting to the minor principalities and powers, the transparencies and margravines, of the eighteenth." If the Reich does break up, the balance of power on the Continent will be with France and her close allies. That is something that Britain will not wholly welcome, yet it is difficult to imagine in the near future any alliance or understanding between Britain and any Power openly hostile to France.

We discuss this situation further elsewhere in this issue.

THE SPARK TEAT MOVES THE WORLD

KILOWATTS and amperes, ions and electrons, are not the deep mysteries they used to be. Even a casual visitor to the Electrical Show at Grand Central Palace in New York could not help observing the intelligent interest shown by the thousands of daily visitors there. In the enthusiastic words of the publicity men, the public is fast becoming electrically minded. For electrical mysteries are no longer mysteries. Your "man in the street" has learned to install his own door-bell transformer, read his own electric meter, and trace the complexities of the latest radio circuit.

The keynote of the show seemed to be, "Here is how it is done." Almost none of the 136 separate exhibitions had devices on display which were there solely to startle or mystify. A Nationally known manufacturer of storage batteries had a model assembling plant showing just what went into their storage cells. A fascinated group of automobile owners and radio enthusiasts looked on.

Chocolate bars were wrapped before the eyes of the visitor, voices came out of the air through the radio loud

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speaker, and the marvelous electrical sorting and tabulating machines of the Census Bureau, all operated before comprehending throngs. And the fat men stopped long in the booths where manufacturers had electric reducing machines. And there were odd-looking lamps on solid standards for electrical "deep therapy," and alongside were clean white cabinets for electrical baths.

Women saw how easy electricity can make housekeeping. They tarried long before the motor-driven floor waxer and polisher. And there were interested groups observing the ease with which an almost human machine whipped cream and stirred mayonnaise.

There is no further excuse for New York crowds stopping long to watch electricians descend the unknown depths of the street manhole. One company had an exhibit showing a full-sized cross-section of a typical street. The telephone, telegraph, and pneumatic mail tubes were shown, and a manhole was built with big power cables in their place. There were 66,000-volt high-tension cables and small residence 110-volt outlets.

Washing-machines there were in full blast and motor-operated mangles and a very plague of electric heaters. One of these was a monster radiator six feet high which brought the waning Indian summer into the big Palace. Another manufacturer displayed a realistic coal fire without the coal, whose flames flickered so naturally that the visitor felt warm at once. This, the demonstrator explained, could be purchased "with or without a heating attachment."

The Army and Navy had extensive displays to show the uses to which they put electricity. Besides a very host of electrical communication equipment, the Army had maps showing their country-wide network of telephone, telegraph, and radio communication. The Navy had models of electrically driven dreadnoughts, submarine detection devices, and maps showing the scope of the Navy radio compass stations on the Atlantic, Great Lakes, and Pacific coasts.

As the visitor left the exhibition electrically driven job presses printed pamphlets which were handed him, announcing this to be the electrical age. Well, it is.

A RACIAL GREAT-UNCLE

EUGEN DUBOIS, a Dutch army surgeon who in 1891 was searching for fossil remains of early forms of the human race, discovered near Trinil, in central Java, the top of a skull, a left thigh bone, and two molar teeth. This small find was destined to take on the utmost importance to the anthropologist. Dubois described the type represented by the few fragments of bone as pithecanthropus erectus, the "upright-standing ape-man." Since that time an enormous interpretative literature has grown up around the remains of this earliest known form of man. His age is placed at about 500,000 years, and he lived at about the beginning of the Glacial Period.

Was pithecanthropus a man, or was he only an ape? Anthropologists favor the man theory, on the whole, but refuse to be positively dogmatic about it. Obstacles have been put in the way even of accredited scientists who have wished to examine the original fossils discovered by Dubois. While plaster casts of the skull top and teeth and photographs of the thigh bone have been distributed to museums and anthropologists throughout the world, the actual fossilized fragments have seldom been withdrawn from the drawer of a safe in Haarlem, in the Dutch Netherlands, where they were placed over twenty-five years ago by their original discoverer.

The timeliness of this brief account of the finding of pithecanthropus comes from an announcement just made that Dr. J. H. McGregor, Research Associate in Human Anatomy of the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, had the opportunity while recently in the Netherlands of viewing and handling the actual bones that were dug up from the coarse stratum of Java sandstone, and of contributing his opinion to the all-important question of whether pithecanthropus erectus represented a race of men, or whether he was only a high variety of ape. On his return from Europe Dr. McGregor issued the significant statement that he firmly believes pithecanthropus belongs to the human family, and was more of a man than an ape.

But pithecanthropus was not in the direct line of the ancestry of modern man. Drawing a simple simile, Dr. McGregor likened the Trinil men to a sort of racial great-uncle rather than a grandfather of the present human race—that is, man is believed to have evolved from some variety of much more primitive man somewhat like pithecanthropus.

One of the most natural mental reactions of the newspaper reader who is not an anatomist, on learning that the existence of a near-ancestor of the human race, dated half a million years ago, is predicated wholly on the recovery of a mere handful of bones, is the question as to how the anthropologist can rightly claim so much from so little evidence. The anthropologist would frankly admit that a considerable element of uncertainty is involved in his decisions. But he would also insist that the anatomist can deduce from the conformation of a bone, especially of a skull top, altogether more information than the layman would perhaps realize until he had made a specific study of anatomy and its intricacies.

WHAT WAS PITHECANTHROPUS LIKE?

THE part of the skull of pithecanthropus which was recovered is quite satisfactory in size, corresponding to the part of one's head that would be covered by a common golf cap drawn down over the eyebrow ridges. This extent permits a fairly accurate measure of the brain capacity, which in the case of the Trinil man is about 900 cubic centimeters. Compared with the capacity of the largest simian brain, which is only 600 cubic centimeters, and that of the smallest brain recorded in the lower members of the living human race, with a capacity of 930 cubic centimeters, it indicates a very low order of intelligence, lying, however, much closer to that of the low human than to the high ape. Again, from the thigh bone the anatomist is able quite easily to determine the angle at which pithecanthropus erectus carried his torso. Any one without anatomical training from the leg bone of a dog or sheep could roughly determine the angle at which the adjoining bone formed a joint with it. The smoothed and rubbed surfaces of the articulation would make this perfectly evident. The anatomist measures such angles with care and exactness and expresses them in degrees of arc. Such measurements, as well as other conformations of the Trinil thigh bone, indicate that the Java man walked erect.

Nevertheless, on the whole, very little is known about pithecanthropus in comparison with later forms of early man about which we have quite a fund of intimate information. Since he walked erect, his arms were freed for other uses. Possibly he had already gained control of the thumb, an important acquisition, for it would have enabled him, working in juxtaposition to the fingers, to grasp and hold various objects. Perhaps he

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MINDS MISTRUST ENSUING DANGER

(Richard III, Act II, Scene 3)

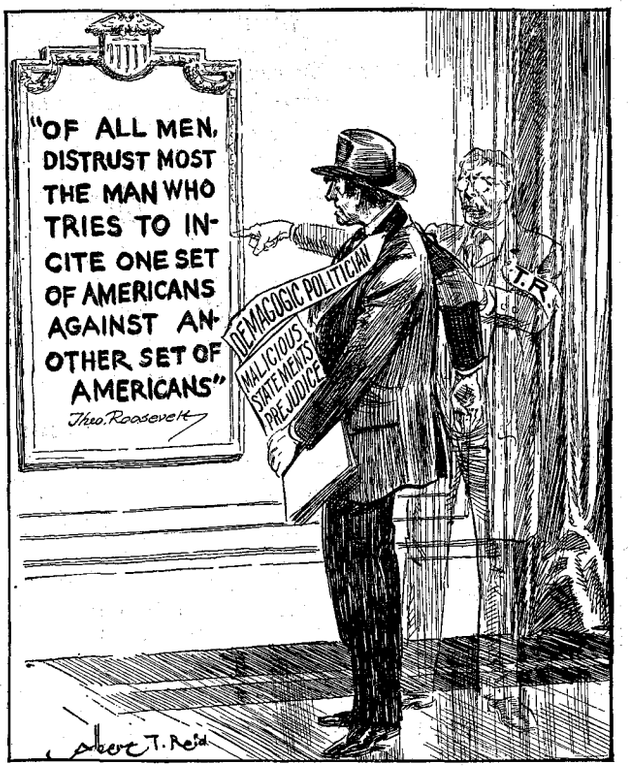
Morris in the Geneva Daily Times

ANY PORT IN A STORM

The Ku Klux Klan has appealed to the law for protection in some of the States.—News Item.

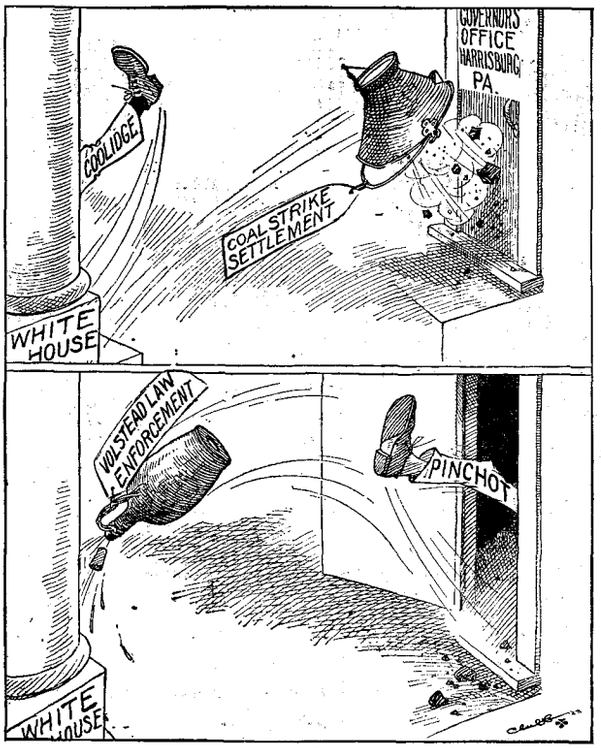
From Frederick L. Loomis, Geneva, N. Y.

Reid in the National Republican


"OF ALL MEN, DISTRUST MOST THE MAN WHO TRIES TO INCITE ONE SET OF AMERICANS AGAINST ANOTHER SET OF AMERICANS"
Theo. Roosevelt
DEMAGOGIC POLITICIAN
MALICIOUS STATEMENTS PREJUDICE
T.R.
Albert T. Reid

AN ENDURING MESSAGE

Clubb in the Rochester Herald



FIFTY-FIFTY

From Myra S. Logan, Rochester, N. Y.

Perry in the Portland Morning Oregonian

LOOK PURTY KID - WE'LL FOLLER YOU IN WHEN YOU THROW OUT THE KEY
JOHN B. CORN
DISTILLERY MAN
SALOON MAN
DEN KEEPER
A.F. OF L.
LIGHT WINES AND BEER

AN IMPRESSIONABLE MAID

From Joseph T. Montag, Portland, Oregon

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could make crude wood or stone implements and use them to smash nuts for food. He may have used wooden clubs in the chase. We do not know. None of his cultural remains has as yet been found.

More recent in point of antiquity were the Piltdown man, whose skull and problematical jaw bone were found in England, and the Rhodesian man, concerning both of whom there is little more precise knowledge than of pithecanthropus. In descending the scale of time, it is only when we reach the European Neanderthal race of men, fifty thousand years ago, perhaps longer, that we can piece together a fairly complete and accurate story, with a liberal number of his implements and artifacts to aid our research. Yet this remarkable race of beings, true men but not truly a race of *homo sapiens,* was not directly ancestral to the living races of man. For just as the Trinil man was a racial great-uncle, so the Neanderthal man is a racial uncle. It was a race that died, an experiment of nature that failed, for these brutal, shambling, literally "low-browed" creatures were exterminated about twenty-five thousand years ago by the remarkable Cro-Magnon men who entered Europe after the last ice invasion, dispossessed the Neanderthal men of their residential caves, and decorated the cave walls with the paintings of reindeer and other animals of their environment. Finally, about ten or twelve thousand years ago the ancestors of the present-day Europeans came into Europe, established a neolithic culture, and absorbed the Cro-Magnards.

WHO'S HOOCH?

CONDEMNATION of the Prohibition Commissioner, not necessarily of the man who for the time occupies the position, but of the position itself, is expressed by the Alcohol Trades Advisory Committee.

This Committee was appointed by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue in an advisory capacity with relation to administration of the prohibition laws. It is composed of eleven men, representatives of scientific societies and industries in which alcohol is an important raw material. Most vigorously the Committee opposes the suggestion, just now a subject of serious discussion, that there be created for the purpose of prohibition enforcement a bureau separate from any of the established departments. "The proponents of such a bureaucracy," says the Committee, "may be assured that it will be opposed with every ounce of energy that can be put forward by those engaged in lawful professions and businesses in which the chemical, alcohol, is required and used." Not only does the Committee oppose a separate bureau of prohibition enforcement, but it specifically recommends to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue that he take out of the hands of the Prohibition Commissioner every administrative duty pertaining to industrial alcohol. Legitimate industry is said to be unalterably opposed to the present enforcement method, "which makes a police officer the source of supply of essential raw materials or any other scheme by which a prohibition commissioner shall say how, when, from whom, and in what quantities alcohol shall be secured for lawful purposes."

It is charged that the Prohibition Commissioner has not suitable technical knowledge, training, or experience to administer the industrial alcohol provisions of the law; that he is probably out of sympathy with that phase of the law, and that neither he nor his enforcement agents understand the relationship of alcohol to the defense, health, and general welfare of the Nation and to the progress of science.

Here is rather strong language for one agency of the Bureau of Internal Revenue to apply to another agency of that Bureau. The degree of the Prohibition Commissioner's unfamiliarity with the needs of industry and science is probably overstated. In his book "Prohibition Inside Out," just now off the press, Major Haynes devotes a long chapter to "protecting the legitimate user." He states, and that in stronger terms than are used by the Alcohol Trades Advisory Committee, the dependence of industry, science, and the Nation itself upon the legitimate uses of alcohol. If industry has been irksomely restricted—and it probably has—in obtaining supplies of alcohol, the cause is not the Prohibition Commissioner's ignorance of the necessity for alcohol.

Here, to be sure, is a difficult, trouble-making situation. Industry must have alcohol in great quantities. Yet from these supplies there are leaks which constitute one of the important sources of "bootleg" liquor. These leaks may be small in comparison with the total quantity of industrial alcohol used, but they are large enough to cause much trouble for the enforcement official.

Possibly the views of those who wish a separate bureau of prohibition enforcement and the Alcohol Trades Advisory Committee, which would place regulation of the alcohol supply in the hands of an Assistant Commissioner of Internal Revenue, are not really so antagonistic as they appear on the surface. Undoubtedly there would be advantages in having industrial alcohol handled by a specialist in that line, acting under the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Very likely a Bureau of Prohibition Enforcement could enforce the prohibitory feature of the law more effectively if it were relieved of responsibility as to the permissive features of the law. Both suggestions are probably good. Both may be adopted. Why not?

WHAT UNCLE SAM'S FARM EXPERT THINKS

THE Federal Government itself is in part responsible for the difficulties under which the farmers of the United States are now working, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace has stated. The acts which cause the difficulties were committed, to a large degree perhaps unavoidably, by the previous Administration; but the Secretary does not think that the present Administration can for that reason escape the responsibility of doing what it can to relieve the situation.

The previous Administration, Secretary Wallace pointed out, exercised direct control during the war period over prices of wheat and so far as possible of other agricultural products. By appeals to patriotism the war Administration caused a large extension in the cultivated acreage and a large increase in production, creating a surplus which is now lowering prices. By similar appeals it caused a decreased per capita consumption of both wheat and meat. These things, Secretary Wallace would doubtless admit, were necessary or seemed to be so. Few persons expected the war to terminate when it did. Another year of hostilities was generally looked for. These things, which have injured the farmer in recent days, then appeared necessary to the winning of the war. Some other things which the Secretary mentioned he might not so readily admit were necessary. Among them are advances in freight rates and increases in railway wages, which in a measure made the increased rates necessary; the inflation of living costs and of farm costs of production by encouraging the cost-plus system in industries other than agriculture; the encouragement of a general inflation, and then of a drastic deflation which was particularly injurious to agriculture and which, says the Secretary,

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many persons believe to have been directed against agriculture. At any rate, all of these things combined to bring about, as Secretary Wallace sees it, a distorted relationship between prices for agricultural products and prices for other articles, and this disparity he believes to be the root of the present trouble. He is equally certain that the duty of the Government is to exert itself to bring price levels into better relationships.

The Secretary puts no faith in Government price fixing. Neither does he believe that buying and holding a part of the surplus of wheat or of any other crop would bring any permanent benefit. He does believe that the Government could help agriculture by adjusting rates of exchange and equalizing opportunities for interchange of commodities in such a way that foreign competitors would not have advantage over American farmers. Freight rates on agricultural commodities, particularly on those exported, he thinks, must be reduced by at least twenty-five per cent, and he suggests that the entire structure of freight rates should be analyzed. Most important of all, he believes that agricultural prices must be brought up near the level of other prices, and, as a means to that end, suggests establishment by the Government of an agricultural export commission or corporation with broad powers.

Unquestionably, many thousands of farmers have been ruined by the conditions of which Secretary Wallace speaks. There are few who will deny his contention that the Government should provide every possible sound measure of relief. General and continuous prosperity is not possible without agricultural prosperity. Commerce and industry, which recently have prospered while agriculture suffered, must inevitably share a measure of agriculture's burdens, soon or late. But whether prices can be arbitrarily leveled, even by the Federal Government, is a question on which there will be much more violent difference of opinion. Prices of course will ultimately level themselves, and the process is even now operative. The Federal Reserve Board, in its most recent statement, calls attention to the fact that, while prices of building materials, house-furnishing goods, fuel, and various other commodities have been materially reduced during the past month, prices of agricultural products have advanced to such an extent that no material change has occurred in the composite price of commodities. Very likely the pendulum is now beginning a swing that will favor the farmers. The export corporation suggested by Secretary Wallace might accelerate the swing.

WHY IS ART?

THE American boy in school, preparing for a life of merchandising or manufacturing or farming, studies those things known as the liberal arts, not for the direct benefit he will derive from them in his future work, but because of the broader outlook they will give him and for the indirect advantages they will enable him to bring to his work. Would he be equally benefited, indirectly and in a broader outlook, by a study of that other group of subjects generally referred to as the fine arts? Dr. George C. Nimmons, of the United States Bureau of Education, thinks so and declares that the colleges of the country are neglecting a duty by failing to make the fine arts an integral part of their curricula.

The art training proposed by Dr. Nimmons is not professional preparation such as is given by regular art schools, but such training as will give all students in college, no matter what their callings are to be, such an understanding and knowledge of the arts that they will be able to appreciate them properly. This knowledge, he believes, would be of the greatest practical use. It would give the manufacturer and the merchant a standard of good design which, in turn and in addition to making their business more profitable, would greatly elevate the living standards of all the people who use the wares of manufacturer and merchant. If the farmers generally had such an understanding of art, says Dr. Nimmons, there is hardly a farm in the country but could, practically without expense, become a place of beauty. If the people generally had such an understanding of art, the monstrosities of county court-houses and other public buildings would be impossible.

Dr. Nimmons has expressed, in the voice of official Governmental utterance, a conviction that many men and women are expressing just now in personal conversation and otherwise. Of the unusual number of Americans who spent a part of the past summer in Europe, a large part came home impressed with the value of an appreciation of art in rebuilding the ruined places, even in restoring prostrate industries to vigorous activity.

Indications are that it is going to be rather difficult for the colleges of the United States, and even for the public schools, to avoid giving a larger place to the fine arts, or at least to some of them. Music, painting, sculpture—a larger place for these possibly may not be demanded. Architecture, landscape gardening, craftsmanship in fabrics, in furniture, in all of the things that go to make up the material side, at least, of family life and of community life—an insistent demand for more liberal teaching of these is almost sure. And the first group will not be without its ardent advocates. At least one artist-educator is already asserting that "if America is ever to be what it ought to be, it must place the fiddle and the paint pot by the side of the cradle."

THE PROPOSED MERGER OF PRESBYTERIAN AND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES

BY a vote overwhelming in its majority the National Council of Congregational Churches has made an overture to the Presbyterian Church for organic union.

No action of the National Council can bind any Congregational church. As its name implies, each congregation of the denomination known as Congregational is self-governing. Congregationalists are jealous of their religious liberty, and nothing that their National body can do will commit the several Congregational churches to a change in polity. The fact that this overture was made with what approached unanimity indicates two things: first, that there is a growing appreciation of co-operation as well as liberty in religion, and, second, that any plan likely to result from this overture will not sacrifice the liberty which Congregationalists have always jealously guarded.

Though differing somewhat in form of government, the Congregational and Presbyterian bodies have been closely allied from early days.

The proposal arose from the action taken by the Presbytery and Congregational Union of Cleveland, Ohio.

To work out a plan of National scope and put it into operation will require years. The Congregationalists' overture will be made before the Presbyterian Assembly, which meets next spring.

SPORT AND CASH

PAPYRUS, winner of the English Derby, went down to defeat before the flying hoofs of Zev, perhaps the best of American three-year-olds. On the day of the race, and the conditions under which it was run, Zev was

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International
TURNING INTO THE HOMESTRETCH, ZEV AT THE RAIL. APPEARANCES TO THE CONTRARY, ZEV HAS NEVER ENROLLED IN THE KU KLUX KLAN

certainly a better horse, for he finished a good six lengths in advance of his English rival. The track was muddy and slippery, and some American horsemen have criticised the English trainer because he failed to equip Papyrus with the type of calks which are customarily used by American horses on wet tracks.

The race between Zev and Papyrus was for a purse of $100,000 and a gold cup. It probably produced more betting than the entire World's Series. Betting plays a much larger part in the interest in horse-racing than in any other sport. And this is one of the reasons why horse-racing has never been in particularly good favor in America. In England, as the picturesque article on the Derby which we published in the issue of October 17 showed, gambling on horse-races has never suffered from popular disesteem. Apple pie unchaperoned by any cheese would provide an Englishman with a woefully inadequate comparison for horse-racing without a bet up on the result, even if the Englishman could be made to understand that the proper name for a tart is a pie.

Other sports have won out from under the darkest shadow of the cloud of gambling. Horse-racing is still in the same position that every game was, in which the element of chance played a part, a few decades ago. The reason for this cannot be found solely in the fact that horse-racing is a sport which requires large expenditures of money. Sir Thomas Lipton never withheld challenge for the America's cup until he was assured that a purse of $100,000 was safe in the hands of some stakeholder.

Horse-racing, as it is carried on, has not been of as great general benefit as, for instance, the racing of yachts, motor boats, and automobiles. From all of these three sports men who never owned a racing yacht and who have no great desire for speed on water or the land have profited largely. The motor car which stands the terrific strain of a race teaches the builder how to improve the stock model which he sells to the man on the street. The fisherman on the banks owes something to the yachtsman whose frailer craft seldom voyages out of sight of land.

While Zev and Papyrus were splashing over the muddy track at Belmont Park there was another horse-race in progress in the East which had a real bearing on the horse as a valuable asset in peace and war. This was a three-hundred-mile endurance ride through the Genesee Valley. In this contest each horse was required to travel sixty miles each day carrying a weight of 225 pounds. The total time for the three hundred miles was limited to fifty hours, and each day's journey was required to occupy at least nine hours. In judging the winner, sixty per cent was allotted to the condition of the mount and forty per cent to speed. Despite some too humanitarian critics, no cruelty or real hardship is involved in such a contest, for the horses are carefully watched as to their condition, and any horse which goes lame or is shown to suffer in any way is promptly ruled out. In such contests as these horses of the Morgan strain have generally shown to better advantage than horses of the thoroughbred type. Such a contest is a very different affair from the old long-distance races which flourished in

(C) Keystone
ZEV GETTING HIS REWARD—A MOUTHFUL OF WATER AFTER THE RACE. WHATEVER THE FAULTS OF THE RACING GAME, THE HORSES CAN'T BE HELD ACCOUNTABLE

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the middle of the last century; but the old-timers made some records at that. It was in 1853 that Conqueror went one hundred miles in eight hours fifty-five minutes and fifty-three seconds. In 1865 Captain McGowan reeled off twenty miles in less than an hour.

THE HOUSE THAT BISMARCK BUILT

BISMARCK'S structure, built of iron, cemented with blood, seems to be crumbling.

Germany cannot be destroyed; but the German Empire can, and may be. Rather, it may fall to pieces. What will remain if the Reich dissolves will still be Germany, the home of the German people, a land with a common language, a common literature, a common racial and cultural tradition, but without a common political system.

If the German Empire disappears—whether it be called the German Republic or not—it will be the end, not of a people, or of a civilization, and need not involve the loss of a single city or even the disappearance of a single village. It will simply mean the end of an attempt to make the Germans—that is to say, most of them—live together under the same political system. Austrians are a part of the German people. They speak German. They inherit German traditions. In common with other Germans they are possessors of German literature and German art; but they have not been a part of the German Empire. It may be that we shall again think of the Bavarians, and the Saxons, as we think of the Austrians.

Will the emergence of Bavaria, of Saxony, of the Rhineland, as separate states be a calamity? What good has their union under the domination of Prussia done to the world? Has the German Reich been of such value that any one need mourn its disappearance? It has given the world Bismarck and Kaiser Wilhelm II, and Hindenburg and Ludendorff and Tirpitz. It has desolated a large part of the richest and most civilized region of Europe. It has involved the world in a war of all wars in history the most destructive. What interest has the world in the preservation of such an Empire?

It is Prussia that has led the German states by military domination on the road through conquest to calamity. And now it is Prussia that is appealing, by the voice of the Stresemann Government, to the world to save its leadership. Why should the world save it? Is the Germany that Prussia has made so much better a Germany than that of Bach and Beethoven, of Goethe and of Kant, that the rest of the world must see to it that Prussia remains in power?

It is a false assumption, though it has gained currency, that the happiness of the German people depends upon the maintenance of the Bismarckian system. Senator Davenport on another page links together "division, weakness, and misery." Political division and military weakness may, on the contrary, bring to the German people, not misery, but happiness—certainly not such misery as political unity under the Kaiser and military might under Ludendorff and Hindenburg have brought them.

If the German people were politically minded, they would have built a nation for themselves; but they have not. They have been held together by superior force. Under it they have been docile. They have been orderly when told to be orderly. They have been beastly when told to be beastly. Why should America or Great Britain or France do anything to keep in power an organization that has wrought misery alike to the docile Germans and to the rest of the world?

What Statesmanship Required

If the German people had been nationally conscious, and German leaders had been not masters of the people but their servants and true statesmen, Germany would have accepted in good faith her obligation to pay her reparations, would have had the matter settled, and would have been well on the road toward solvency and freedom from burdens. That Germany could have restored the devastated regions of France and Belgium is proved by the simple fact that the French and the Belgians have already very nearly done so. Arguments about the estimates of the wealth of Germany and the proportion of that wealth demanded in reparations are of little practical interest beside that simple fact. And the Germany that has refused to pay is intact, with a population half again as large as that of the France that Germany crippled. The demand for an international commission to estimate the reparations payable is largely based on the assumption that Germany cannot do what France has done and that an unbiased commission would relieve Germany of some of the burden that France has already borne. Without that assumption there would be no thought of replacing the commission that already exists—the Reparation Commission. This demand is the result of Germany's evasion. And Germany's evasion has been bringing about the destruction of the German Reich. True statesmanship on the part of German leaders would have established unity by uniting the people under a common burden. But the German Reich is not essentially a nation. It is an artificial congeries of nations. Only external aid has held the Reich together so far. That aid withdrawn, the Reich naturally falls apart.

If, on the other hand, the Allies had had united statesmanship equal in quality to the united military leadership of Foch, the Reich would have disappeared soon after the Armistice. It would have been practicable for the Allies to deal separately with Bavaria and other German states as they dealt separately with Austria and the other states of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. They could have then held Prussia responsible for the consequences of her leadership. Now, however, the Reich may dissolve without any adequate means left for holding Prussia to her share of responsibility. That, it is conceivable, may cost France dearly in material wealth; but it is not inconceivable that the French will find the consequences worth the sacrifice of billions of francs in reparations.

What America Is to Think

In this situation the worst service that we can do to the rest of the world is to develop in ourselves the spirit of self-righteousness. It is that spirit which it seems to us Senator Davenport's article on another page comes dangerously near cultivating. Perhaps America's foreign policy is more unselfish than that of any other nation; but it will not render us more capable of service if we think overmuch about how unselfish we are. It will not enable us to serve other nations better to take pride in our own Christianity. It will not help other nations to come to their senses for us to imagine that we are the only nation blessed with common sense. We know that we are not imperialistic, though neighbors in the continent to the south of us think that we are, but it will not help us to persuade others that we are not if we have constantly on our mind the suspicion that every nation that has a policy of its own is actuated by imperialistic motives. Moreover, there is nothing unchristian in facing facts. If it is true, as Mr. Davenport assumes, that "everybody knows now that nobody will obey

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any rules of war that stand in the way of success," then it is true that no one will keep such a promise as he proposes—"that we would not attack them," the five nations named, "for a period of perhaps fifty years . . . if they would say the same thing to us"—if such a promise stood in the nation's way. If international law has in truth, as Germany and Mr. Davenport assert, been virtually reduced to scraps of paper, international promises are scraps of paper likewise and not worth the mention.

If, moreover, "everybody knows now that nobody will obey any rules of war that stand in the way of success," then Germany won the war, after all. That was the issue of the war. The whole point over which men fought was the right of a nation to assert its will as supreme over the public law of nations. If what Senator Davenport says is true, we have been thrown back to the time of Assyria. If what Mr. Davenport says is true, it does not matter whether a nation has a Christian or an unselfish foreign policy or not, for might rules, and necessity, as the German Government said, knows no law.

Happily, the German doctrine did not prevail. Fortunately, the nation who disregarded the laws of nations in her attempt to impose her will upon the rest of the world failed of her military object, and now, thanks largely to France, is failing of her diplomatic object, and in consequence may cease to be a nation. France has won the third battle of the Marne. She is not solitary, for she has with her the new free states of Czechoslovakia and Poland and others of her neighbors. France in 1918 needed us sorely; but we needed France in 1914, '15, '16, and '17, and France did not fail us. It was France, then, with Britain that was fighting a battle that was ours as well. Lloyd George has bidden us not to forget the war. It is that early part of the war which we are most likely to forget and we most need to remember. What France and Belgium and Britain then began France and Belgium are trying to finish.

EVERYBODY'S JOB

PROHIBITIONIST and anti-prohibitionist can hardly differ as to the general assertion that a law ought to be enforced, repealed, or amended. The bootlegger alone will dissent, for in any one of these contingencies he would lose his job and his profit. Most of us would agree that even a bad law should be enforced until it is either repealed or amended.

But how and by whom should prohibition be enforced? To judge from the recent utterances of eminent administrators, the answer seems to be, by Mr. Everyman! The President has told the assembled Governors that what is needed is co-ordination of Federal, State, county, and municipal forces, with the emphasis rather strongly on the need of State enforcement. The Governors have promised the President their fullest co-operation and effort, but have taken pains to point out that the National Government has a very special obligation and that in certain respects the individual States are powerless to act. Governor Pinchot has gone further and declared "the present orgy of lawlessness unnecessary" if only the Federal Government would write into its permits to make or dispose of liquor the old Internal Revenue restrictions as to supervision, inspection, and stamping. Dr. Harry Fosdick in an eloquent sermon has exhorted millionaire and hod-carrier (and presumably all between) to obey the law whether it is irksome or not. And the President also put the responsibility up to the individual man when he said: "The complementary duty to enforcement of the law is obedience to the law. That rests with the people themselves." So all that we—that is, legislators, executives, and citizens—have to do is to pull together in one direction. Very simple, but—

President Coolidge in his address to the Governors asserted, "This is not a political question; it cannot be made a political question." And yet in a sense it is political, not for those who want the law as it is, but for those who wish to change it. Laws are changed because the voters demand change by choosing or prodding their representatives—and that is politics. If the wide-voiced contention is true that prohibition is wrong and injurious and that the people don't want it, then the political remedy is clear. Let the Democrats or Republicans or Fordites put that demand in their platform next year. To-day no one believes that is going to happen; every one seems to expect a gentle approval of law enforcement and a decisive side-step away from the main question. Yet it is important for Congress to know what the Nation wants. As a matter of fact, there is no substantial evidence that a majority of the people wish to repeal prohibition. Dr. Fosdick in the sermon above referred to declared, as quoted in the New York "Tribune's" report: "It was plainly said in my hearing by Chief Justice Taft of the United States Supreme Court that there is not the least, infinitesimal chance the Eighteenth Amendment and its enforcing act will be repealed, because the overwhelming majority of the people want them there."

There is one positive reason why the will of the people should be clearly determined and drastically enforced. It is a reason that appeals to all decent citizens, wet or dry. The wholesale criminality involved is breaking down the public sense of right and wrong. By that we do not now mean the misdemeanors of the individual who buys or sells drink or makes home brew, but the felonies of conspiracy, bribery, theft, assault, and even murder. Combinations of criminals with capital of millions are engaged in handling the illicit trade on a large scale. Such gangs sometimes carry on war among themselves, lie in wait and seize one another's truck-loads of liquor, attack boats running liquor (as one pirate attacks another), furnish bail for arrested gangsters to any amount, hire the most costly counsel, buy up agents right and left. So at least apparently well-informed investigators assert. Two weeks ago eleven men were arrested in New York charged with what is described as a gigantic bribery conspiracy. Mr. Hayward, the United States Attorney for the district, is reported as saying that officials and politicians were involved; one of the men arrested is described as formerly a secretary of an ex-Governor, and as at present a State Commissioner of Weights and Measures; $84,500 was said to have been paid as bribes to the Federal agents who turned the money over to their superiors; one statement made was that two brewers had admitted paying $800,000 for protection; $150,000 bail was furnished instantly. A curious side-light on the affair was that it was the outcome of rivalry between New Jersey and Pennsylvania brewers to get the New York City real-beer trade.

Now, of course, we pretend to no exact knowledge of this case and express no opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the men arrested. But the reports of crime—out-and-out deeds of violence, bribery, and lawlessness, entirely apart from the mere disobeying of the Volstead Act, yet growing out of that violation—are not only common, but increasing in magnitude.

There may be two reactions to this

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state of things: One man may say, "Terrible! It all comes from prohibition. Down with prohibition!" Another will say, "No, don't be cowardly. Enforce this law and every law; if you want it changed, work openly and politically for change, but don't treat crime as a joke or build up booze-making and bootlegging criminal trusts."

Which view represents the American way of doing things?

THE VESTED RIGHT TO DO WRONG

IN the days when muck-raking flourished a vested right implied a horrendous thing. Vested rights were invariably secured by trickery, fraud, and corruption. They were always held by wicked corporations desirous of mulcting the public of its hard-earned dollars.

There are vested rights and vested rights. Some of them are good and some of them are bad. And not all of them have been secured by bribery and corruption or are held by wicked corporations.

One of the worst of them has been secured because of the ignorance and laziness of Mr. John Citizen and his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, and the possession of this particular interest is split about fifty-fifty between corporations, both good and bad, and the general public.

This interest might well be defined as "the vested right to destroy the health, property, and happiness of others." It is the right to pollute the watercourses and the seacoast of America.

In certain forms of primitive society families and villages simply moved on to an unspoiled location when the family hearth or the village common ground became too foul for endurance. There were always clean spaces to move to. Why worry over garbage disposal?

In our more complex civilization it is too much of a job to take up a town or a city and move on. Besides, there are few unoccupied places to go to. So wherever possible we move the waste of our homes, our cities, and our industrial enterprises into the nearest watercourse and trust to heaven and a good rainfall that the refuse in time will be washed away. The practice, if it were not universal, might help some towns and cities, but, unfortunately, the game of dumping refuse over your neighbor's back fence, or into your neighbor's well, loses even its temporary efficiency just as soon as it becomes reciprocal.

Under this genial habit of passing the muck, the magnificent Hudson, once a source of health, pleasure, and profit, has lost its right to be called a river and earned the more unpleasant title of "the Hudson Sewer." The city of Chicago, grown tired of dumping its sewage into Lake Michigan and pumping it out again for drinking water, has reversed the direction of the Chicago River, and now sends its effluvium down the Mississippi Valley for the benefit of St. Louis and the far-distant New Orleans. We Americans are, if nothing else, a generous folk.

The problem that faces America today is more than a problem of the disposal of old-fashioned sewage. It is also a problem of pollution by oil, and the extent of the menace of oil pollution we are only just beginning to understand. Faced with this new threat against our waters, it is time for our leaders to speak out and speak boldly. Most of the inhabitants of our cities and towns have already forgotten what clean water looks like. But there are still streams and lakes and bays which are undefiled, and we must keep them so.

To stay the march of pollution is the first task before the country. Then we must win back for ourselves the waterways which we have defiled. We must win them back before it is too late to restore them to the Nation as the source of an immeasurable food supply and as the recreation grounds of its children. Our industrial corporations must be made to see that they have no more right to pollute our rivers and bays than they would have to run their drainage through the streets of neighboring cities. That they have acted as they have in the past is due not to inherent depravity, but to the fact that our citizenry at large has been equally guilty in acquiescing in the creation of a vested right to do wrong. Why should a glue factory be more jealous of the public interest than the public itself?

But now it is the job of both our industrial leaders and our communities to call a halt. It will not be an easy job, this changing of the habits and practices of a nation. It will not be a cheap job if we figure the cost by the immediate expenditure of dollars and cents. But it will be the most profitable job that the Nation has ever undertaken if we succeed in changing back our sewers into rivers and our polluted lakes and bays into the crystal springs of delight which they once were. No temporary sacrifice will be too great for such an end.

The movement to cleanse our waters is the one conservation movement which touches the health and happiness of every American.

UPHOLDING GENERAL WOOD

THE recent adoption by the Philippine Legislature of a resolution which approved the action of the Philippine Independence Commission demanding the recall of Governor-General Wood was in the nature of a political gesture.

Governor Wood is not the man to be deterred from exercising the executive authority intrusted to him by any wordy and emotional resolutions. The basic law establishing the relations of the Philippines to the United States is an act of Congress, and no resolutions or bills passed by the Philippine Legislature can affect that law. If the organic relations of these insular possessions are to be changed, it will be by the Congress of the United States, and if they are to be interpreted it will be by the Supreme Court of the United States.

It was proper and timely, however, for our Secretary of War to make public in this country his cable despatch which gave General Wood assurance that "You are entitled to the support of the Administration and you have it."

Among the things stated in direct and forceful words by Secretary Weeks were that in the Philippines the control over the departments and bureaus rests with the Governor-General, and that their officials are directly responsible to him, and not to the Legislature; that General Wood has not misused or improperly extended his powers; and that the Governor-General's veto power is applicable to all legislation in the islands.

To make this so definite that even an excitable native politician cannot affect to misunderstand it the Secretary asserts concretely that the Philippine Legislature has, in point of fact, violated the principles of constitutional government by attempting to delegate its powers; that of course such an attempt does not affect the organic law and that action by Congress is not needed to reassert that principle. Still more specifically the Secretary approves of General Wood's executive discretion in criticising its

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action in regard to unwise investments and corrupt bank officials as strictly within his line of duty.

There never has been, and is not now, any tangible evidence that a majority of the people in the Philippines desire to see the bond with the United States broken off abruptly. It is natural that there should be a desire for independence, and therefore that political capital can be made by trying to hasten the course of time. Unwise utterances and policies on the part of the Governor-General who served under President Wilson did a great deal to mislead native expectations as to an early declaration of independence. An incident that happened quite recently in Mindanao, when ten native members of the constabulary and three school-teachers (also native, as we understand) were killed in a fierce local outbreak, is not at all evidence of impending revolution. On the contrary, the Moros are deeply opposed to having government by the more northern Filipinos over them. The Moros of Mindanao and of the Sulu Islands are bigoted Mohammedans and have nothing in common as to race and religion with the leaders who are posing as patriots in Manila. Probably the very first thing that would happen if independence were declared immediately would be a war between the Moros of the south and the Filipinos of the north. The problem of the Philippines would be far simpler if it were not for the divisions made by race and religion. Judge Malcolm, a member of the Philippine Supreme Court, speaking in Manila the other day, expressed the sentiment of the American community there as being that the present political flurry is really "a situation artificially created by astute politicians to serve their own purposes. But if the controversy becomes racial in character, and if the sovereignty of the United States is assailed, we shall stand solidly behind the Governor-General. We are confident that if a plebiscite were taken in the United States to select the person who would best represent the American people as Governor-General of the Philippine Islands the practically unanimous choice would be Leonard Wood."

Thus sustained by American sentiment in the islands and supported by his home Government, we venture to predict that Leonard Wood will prove capable of handling the situation in the Philippines firmly but justly, and that Quezon's declaration, that "our object is to reduce the Governor-General of the Philippine Islands to a mere figurehead," will prove to be an unfulfilled prophecy.

AN ENGLISH PORTRAIT OF ROOSEVELT

BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK

OF the many books that have been written about Theodore Roosevelt since his death, perhaps the best, from the point of view of literary art, is the concise and compact volume by Lord Charnwood which has just been published by the Atlantic Monthly Press.[1] I say *perhaps* it is the best literary portrait because I am not sure whether the superlative should not be applied to Hermann Hagedorn's "Roosevelt in the Bad Lands." In literary judgment, skill, and taste Lord Charnwood's and Hermann Hagedorn's are both books of the first order. But they are different in this respect—"Roosevelt in the Bad Lands" is an epic narrative in prose, while Lord Charnwood's book is not a story at all but an interpretative essay. Indeed, Lord Charnwood has defined the two books himself. He calls his own a "fugitive study of a memorable life," while he refers to Hagedorn's fascinating historical narrative as a "poetic but truthful study of a vanished frontier life."

It would be interesting to digress long enough to consider what antithesis between poetry and truth Lord Charnwood had in mind when he wrote the words "poetic *but* truthful." Mr. Hagedorn, being a poet himself, might very well contend that the highest form of poetry is the highest form of truth. That was certainly Keats's idea. However, it is probably only fair to Lord Charnwood to assume that, being a Balliol man, and therefore as an undergraduate having lived in the most poetic atmosphere which Oxford affords, he does not seriously entertain the popular and fallacious notion that the fundamental quality of poetry is fantastic imagery. Whether or not this is one of the defects of the poetic mind, Lord Charnwood is totally free from it. Like his memorable "Life of Lincoln," his study of Roosevelt is sober, calm, and impartial although penetrating and sympathetic. There are even occasional flashes of well-restrained but deep feeling in it. Indeed, Lord Charnwood's liking for men of deep feeling, when that feeling is tempered by common sense, is indicated not only by his "Life of Lincoln"—the best one-volume biography of the Great Emancipator, to my way of thinking, that has ever been written—but by his dedication of the present volume to Dr. Wallace Buttrick, President of the General Education Board, with whose name he couples that of the late Ambassador Page.

Lord Charnwood's book is not a biography. It does not relate events or incidents. It contains, however, a very comprehensive and enlightening chronology which states, with their appropriate dates, the decisive or distinctive events of Roosevelt's life, many of them illustrated by quotations from his writings or speeches. For example:

> 1903, November 13. *Recognition of the Republic of Panama.*
>
> "Panama declared itself independent and wanted to complete the Panama Canal, and opened negotiations with us. I had two courses open. I might have taken the matter under advisement and put it before the Senate, in which case we should have had a number of most able speeches on the subject, and they would have been going on now, and the Panama Canal would have been in the dim future yet. We would have had a half century of discussion, and perhaps the Panama Canal. I preferred we should have the Panama Canal first and the half century of discussion afterward."

Lord Charnwood also makes at least one original contribution to Rooseveltiana by presenting to his readers a facsimile of a hitherto unpublished letter in Roosevelt's own handwriting, written in 1911 to Lady Delamere, the wife of a British pioneer in East Africa. In it occurs the following significant passage. In reading it one should bear in mind that it was written not long after Roosevelt's return from a year's absence in Africa and Europe, when he was acclaimed by his enthusiastic countrymen as though he were a kind of Nibelungen hero:

> As for me, I have never been happier than for the last four months. When I reached home I was acclaimed with a joy and expectation that were feverish and overwrought and therefore sure to bring reaction. On the afternoon of my landing, when I had been given a greeting to which I was not in the least entitled, a greeting that would have been a trifle perfervid if extended to a Washington or a Lincoln under such circumstances, I told one of my sisters that I was like Peary at the North Pole—

[1] Theodore Roosevelt. By Lord Charnwood. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. $2.50.

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> I had nowhere to walk except south. The expectations were great, were utterly vague, utterly contradictory; I had not the place, I had not the power or the position to satisfy them in the smallest degree; and yet I did not feel at liberty to draw off and refuse to do what I regarded as the plain duty of a citizen. As for the attacks on me, the wave of popular disappointment, I literally do not care a rap. I am sorry to disappoint good, foolish people; but I am sorry for their sake, not mine. I was really uneasy and concerned about the over-praise, the over-admiration and the impossible expectations; but I do not mind in the least when they go to the opposite extreme; and neither the praise nor the blame makes one particle of difference in my course. I have worked hard; and now I have revelled in staying quietly here in my own home, with those I care for most in the world and with my own books, and the things with which I have associations. Twenty years ago, even ten years ago, this would not have been so; I would have felt that it spelled failure to have me forced out of the contest while it was still my business to fight. But now I *have* fought. I am entirely ready to take up any task which I ought to; but if no task comes, why I feel I have done enough to warrant my enjoying the rest without the haunting sense of having failed to strive my best while it was still the day of action.

The value of Lord Charnwood's essay, however, is not in the information which it contains. Those who are familiar with Roosevelt's career, either from personal acquaintance or from reading what has been written by him or about him, will find nothing especially new as to its events or incidents in Lord Charnwood's pages. Indeed, knowledge by the reader of the public acts and words of Roosevelt is assumed. Lord Charnwood does not pretend to write a book of knowledge, but literally a book of opinion. It is a critical study. Sometimes the open or implied criticism will shock those who have come under the influence of Roosevelt's personal magnetism. Those who want enthusiastic praise or eulogy will not like the book, at least at first. It will seem to them as lukewarm as a judge's charge to a jury. It is evident that Lord Charnwood has wished to be judicial, and in this desire to avoid the adulation which Roosevelt himself complained of in the letter to Lady Delamere, it must be confessed that he sometimes seems to lean backward. In this respect the book is not so warm, and perhaps it may be added without injustice, not so spontaneous, as the "Life of Lincoln." The explanation is, I think, that Lord Charnwood, although he never knew Roosevelt, has himself fallen under the spell of his extraordinary personality and, consciously or subconsciously, tries to protect himself against the weakness of idolatry—a weakness of which the devoted adherents of Roosevelt have sometimes, not wholly without justification, been accused. For example, Lord Charnwood, writing in England, says of Roosevelt: "Certainly in this island, where statesmanship has long been associated with scholarly attainments, no statesman for centuries has had his width of intellectual range." But as if this were dangerously superlative praise, he adds: "But this is not to say that he had a deeply reflective mind." The latter statement is doubtless true if by reflective mind Lord Charnwood means such a mind as that possessed by Lord Bacon or David Hume or John Stuart Mill or Jeremy Bentham.

After all, the great value of Lord Charnwood's book to those American readers who have come to believe that Roosevelt, take him all in all, is the greatest single product of American culture and American statesmanship, is that, coming from an Englishman who at one time had "feelings of intense indignation against Roosevelt," it confirms their belief that as history rolls on he will be one of the few great towering figures in the panorama. For not even the most unswerving and devoted friend of Roosevelt, not even those who lived and worked with him, or suffered and rejoiced with him, can ask for a finer understanding of his spirit than this calm and self-restrained Englishman, who never knew him, discloses in the final pages of his book:

> I am of course well aware of the crudity and fleeting worth of this study. But when I undertook it I made one demand—namely, that I should be amply briefed with the worst that had been said of Roosevelt. That demand has been fulfilled faithfully, and I have faithfully tried to use the material before me. I need hardly add that I have met a number of people with personal impressions, favorable or unfavorable, to give of him. I have indicated where his faults seem to me to have lain, and if I have not laid more stress upon them it is because I believe that to dwell more on these light and often laughable matters would be to draw things in false perspective. Men have fought as stoutly as he, and more wisely—seldom so consistently for the right. That is the main thing. The grosser charges that have been flung against him in no instance demand one word. Of the more intellectual and refined sort of criticism of him, I feel, to speak frankly, the prevailing inhumanity, the failure to understand those simple qualities which go to the hearts of common people, and of which the full possession is greatness, whether genius accompanies it or not.
>
> In the affairs of nations he had been a successful pacificator; this was possible to him because he was quick in sympathy and personally capable of generous friendship. He had tried no less to be a reconciler in social and industrial strife; here too his power arose out of his ready understanding of individuals and his promptitude to recognize worth in men and women of whatever kind.
>
> I will not again recur to political controversy. If we have much to learn from him as a statesman, the foundation of it rests on this: That he lived no restricted life of mere statecraft, any more than of mere scholarship or mere sport, but that he took life whole, as it offered itself, and that, in like manner, he respected worth when it met him and welcomed friends as God sent them, careless of differences between nations or between classes, between gentle and simple, between the like and the unlike to himself.
>
> I began this book by avowing a hero-worship of long standing. I do not mean by hero-worship any disposition to found a cult of the hero, to use his name as a rallying cry for party, or to shape one's own life in any spirit of discipleship to him. There is only one honest and useful discipleship possible to men. Great men are only worthily honored if the honor we pay them provokes us, the weakest or stupidest, to stand resolutely erect.

To this estimate I should like to add a paragraph from a letter which I have just received from an influential and widely known banker of New Orleans with whom I had been talking on a recent delightful visit to that Franco-American city about the qualities of Roosevelt's Americanism:

> As for Roosevelt himself, after consistently voting against him repeatedly and after thoroughly misunderstanding him during most of his public career, I had the opportunity of listening to him at a big war meeting in Madison Square Garden not many months before he went on his long journey, and I was almost instantly converted. And now that it is too late, by reading everything about him that I can lay my hands on, I realize that when Theodore Roosevelt went to his final home, America and the world lost *a real man*.

It is the portrait of a real man that Lord Charnwood gives us. He does not flatter. He does not excuse. Like Sargent, he paints his subject as he sees and feels him, not blotting out his defects nor overloading his qualities with too much color. But when the portrait is done it is that of a living figure, that stands resolutely erect, through whose expressive although not always regular or perfect features shines a noble human spirit.

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UPPER CHAMBERS

BY CLARA PLATT MEADOWCROFT

I HAVE heard my mother, as long as I remember,
Tell of upper chambers, where beauty never dies;
Chambers lying starward; and from there returning,
Visions of dim terraces lingered in her eyes.

"Whatever you may need is in the upper chambers;
You will find your way there," she used to repeat.
I could never see them, the steps by which she mounted,
But I knew the stairway was near my mother's feet.

Once we were hungry and we had nothing:
"Only be patient; keep heart," she said.
To some high altar she climbed, and after,
She broke for us white wheat bread.

Once in a fever I felt my mother lift me
Up, up, and up; the way seemed long and steep.
Slowly, steadily, she bore me without resting
Into a shadowy place of cool, healing sleep.

Once, all alone, I felt the fever burning;
Trustfully adventuring, I reached the stairway; then—
Oh, the friendly darkness!—my hand out before me
Found a cup of water that made me cool again.

Afterward, older, I climbed to magic chambers;
Moved about them wondering, touching things unseen.
Once my curious fingers found a jar of alabaster,—
Treasure broken long ago,—whole as it had been.

I could look downward and see the world below me,
But as in a mirror with its shallow deeps;
Men and women threatening—as marble figures threaten;
Men and women weeping—as a painted figure weeps.

It was so still there. My mother had taught me,
"Only in silence can thought be heard.
Silence listens . . . and silence answers."
(Down through that silence she has sent me word.)

Shadows hung over all; but she had told me,
"Light grows slowly, as we know the place,
Softer, brighter, than light through rose leaves."
(I have seen it since—far off—that light upon her face.)

Death did not startle her; she went so quietly
Up past his following. Still she is there,
Housed with vanished beauty, and beauty yet in star-dust,
In the upper chambers. I grope on the stair.

PARAGRAPHS FROM A POLITICIAN'S EUROPEAN NOTE-BOOK

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
PROFESSOR IN LAW AND POLITICAL SCIENCE AT HAMILTON COLLEGE

THE Dilemma of France.

So much depends upon France, upon her developing policy and motive in Europe. She is in no easy position. She has greatly suffered. At Versailles she asked England and the United States to join in guaranteeing her future safety, by force, if necessary. The American people are evidently not ready in advance to guarantee anything in Europe by force. France maintains that she sat in twenty-six conferences with the Allies in the effort to work out a reparations policy for Germany, and got nowhere. To be sure, Clemenceau was irascible and revengeful, the Thad Stevens of Europe. But France holds that she had to be firm. Nobody else would be. She developed her own plan.

She fixed German reparations at first at thirty-two and one-half billions of dollars. Everybody agrees now that that was impossible. The best estimates of the wealth of Germany before the war indicate a national aggregate of seventy-five billions. The war cost her probably twenty billions, and charges and payments since have taken perhaps five billions more. In a country with approximately fifty to sixty billions of wealth left to draw upon, or even a considerably larger sum if these figures of national wealth are too conservative, reparations payments of over thirty billions of dollars in thirty years, representing sixty-five per cent of the total national wealth, are plainly beyond the pale, and are now generally conceded to be, even by France. Such payments would leave no sufficient surplus to be put back into capital for depreciation and expansion. The latest suggestions of France herself contemplate twenty-six billions of gold marks, if the creditors of France agree to accept German obligations to France in payment of their claims. The man on the street would say that this is more like it. But the fact remains that there never has been an unbiased appraisal of loss or of repayment potentialities. France is extending her national credit to the amount of one hundred billion francs in the reconstruction of her desolation, but she does not know when she is to be reimbursed, and nobody knows what Germany should or could pay. And so England and the United States are directly or indirectly suggesting to France that an international commission determine the problem, but France appears not to be willing. She moves into the Ruhr. She humbles the German industrialists. She cripples the great revenge arsenal of the Krupps. She stirs to passive resistance both the national German Government and the workers in the Ruhr. Production falls to perhaps fifteen per cent of the average. Passion rises. Hunger stalks. The unrest spreads to other centers of Germany. The Cuno Government can find no solution and falls. The Stresemann Government proposes private productive guaranties and an end to governmental passive resistance at least. Nothing happens so far. Neither the Stresemann nor the Poincaré Government seems to agree upon a plan that will hold both Governments in power. The best that seems to be promised behind the scenes is an understanding between the French industrialists and the German industrialists to make use of the resources of the Ruhr for the benefit

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of themselves and of French reparations. It seems incredible that this will satisfy or pacify the seventy millions of the German people, especially if their sovereignty in the Ruhr appears to be only a paper sovereignty, and involves physical and financial exploitation of German workers. This appears to be the Stinnes plan, but it would seem that nothing short of immediate starvation would make it tolerable to the German Ruhr or the German people.

In the meantime France grows in military stature and in the rulership of Europe, appearing at present to be in an impregnable position. Her military air force has grown to be four times that of England. An army now of between seven hundred and fifty thousand and a million is credited to France, with the control of the army in Poland of four hundred thousand by the French staff, and the penetration of Turkey, Rumania, Belgium, and other of the small countries of Europe, to say nothing of Morocco, by the French military influence and organization, the growing cost of such armament and aid constituting an increasing liability to France and to Europe.

France has no unemployment. Everybody is busy either in the army or on the walls of reconstruction. One cloud on the horizon which gives pause to optimism has been the value of the franc. A year ago the franc was worth eleven or twelve American cents; recently it has been worth between five and six. It reflects exchanges, but it reflects also perhaps underlying fears, although the currency situation has improved somewhat because the French seem to be honestly trying to decrease the number of francs, and because also of the hope of better things growing out of the technical ending of passive resistance in the Ruhr.

England has withdrawn from the position of a backer of France to that of critic and arbiter. She questions France's right in the Ruhr under the treaty, and there are distinctly two sides to this question, although I think that in America we have cared perhaps too little about the legality of it and have been satisfied to have France go into the Ruhr and humble the arrogance of the German industrialists who are taking the place of the Hohenzollerns upon the backs of the German people. England disputes the economic and political soundness of the policy of France in the Ruhr, and it yet remains to be seen if she is not entirely right about it. At present she is powerless except to exhaust diplomacy. Even labor in England is behind the Government in its attitude toward France, but I do not find it in the temper of the English people to go to war with France. The reservoir of recent sympathetic comradeship with France is still too full. Watchful waiting, for the English Government.

France is solitary, and seems in danger of being drawn on to rule Europe with an iron hand. She is in danger of having Europe for her own private preserve of economic and political ruin. If the present policy and situation continue, England for a while will mortally miss her customers in Europe, but soon she might adjust her trade to other parts of the world. Conceivably she can wait. It would seem likely to be a very long time and a very acute crisis before she could be led to unite with Russia and Germany against France and the friends of France. Russo-German control of the Continent would have its drawbacks.

But France has all the time a more intricate problem and a growing burden. She can carry her lesser military alliances only at mounting costs. If competitive armaments and economic rivalries are the chief causes of war, are not the land and air policies of France calculated to aid and abet the first cause, and is not her policy of favoritisms in eastern Europe calculated to discourage normal international economic agreements and freer trade relations? As long as she naturally fears a restored, prosperous, and armed Germany, and there are no international association and no great ally to help her, are the French people or the French Government likely to see the precipice towards which England and many persons in all countries believe that France is moving? Is it a safe policy to try to keep seventy millions of Germans who have once had a taste of union and strength in a condition of division, weakness, and misery?

France already has humbled the will of Germany in the Ruhr, and it may be that this is a necessary preliminary to a European solution. Certainly it is quite to the liking of those of us who believe that it is about time the politico-industrialist rulers of Germany learned that there has been a wicked war and that Germany has lost. France has brought the Stresemann Government to its knees; but has anything really substantial been accomplished in the direction of securing the reparations which France so imperatively needs? In the seemingly impending disintegration of the German state, in its division into fragments partly as the result of French pressure, does not the hope of all reparations seem likely to vanish? And may not France be under compulsion to choose the second horn of her dilemma and impose prolonged weakness and division upon Germany instead of reparations? Can she have reparations at the same time with German weakness and division? And if she obtains present security through a Germany of separatist states, must she not at great expense continue to sit on the lid and possess security through super-military power?

And if she is driven to this alternative, can she endure it economically? Will there not come also a day of reckoning with the recurring spirit of nationality in Germany and with Germany's probable ally, Russia? And when that day comes, will France, having pursued this course, be likely to have at her side the armies of the British Empire and America? May she not have estranged them beyond recall? We are all debtors to her military genius in the recent great struggle. Must she and we depend upon this form of genius in a later crisis? Is there permanent safety for France in mere military security, anyway? Is France pursuing a policy which will permanently keep the German people outside the pale of good faith and good will and prevent their moral restoration to freedom and democracy? The very human Ambassador Jusserand is reported to have said: "Oh, if Germany would only say she is sorry, what a difference it would make!" Is the Poincaré Government following a policy which will prevent peace by reconciliation?

These are questions which the genuine friends of France are asking throughout the world. They are not answered by the flag-waving of the flamboyant friends of France. They are asked in no censorious spirit. France has deeply suffered, and suffered vicariously for the world. As things are on the Continent of Europe, without adequate support from any quarter, she is being driven along the path of mere military security. In the eyes of the peasantry of France, the wolf is always at the border. But a policy of super-militarism, which is necessarily a terrible strain upon the resources of a country and which may go to the head of some future French Government, is certainly not to be contemplated with equanimity as the best way out for France or for the world.

What Can be Done About It?

I do not pretend to know. There are some things that evidently are not sufficient. The Hague Conferences to revise the rules of war were well-intentioned and helpful in their day, but they appear futile now. Everybody knows now that nobody will obey any rules of war that stand in the way of success. And yet the Hague Conferences have been the harbingers of sympathetic association and a better day.

The League of Nations was not acceptable and is not acceptable now, it seems to me, to anything like a major-

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ity of the American people; and the great nations who are in it evidently regard it lightly. The smaller nations have made something of it, and some good things have come out of it. It is probably worth maintaining for the present as a second laboratory of sympathetic association. The American people would have none of it in 1920, for one reason because they believed force was implicit in the constitution of the League, if it became really workable on a wide scale. Now there is certainly no sanction behind the League except a moral sanction.

And the World Court and the proposed entrance of America into it—sound and helpful in itself and in its possibilities of developing an international body of rules and principles of great value to the peace of the world; but, so far as I know, its friends would hardly claim for it power to meet the existing situation on the Continent of Europe as that situation must soon be met.

Our Stake in Europe.

At Belleau Wood, the point which General Pershing called the Gettysburg of the Great War, there is a great white American cemetery. Somewhere on that field, covered with shell-plowed earth or hurriedly buried in some out-of-the-way corner, are still many missing American boys. Every week or so a new body is found, identified, and the mother sent for in the United States to be present at the burial of her son. Was it seventy-five thousand American dead altogether? And two hundred thousand more incapacitated upon whom we spend five hundred millions a year in curative care and rehabilitation?

We got in late, but, oh, how France needed us! I found myself wondering, as I went over that field, how the Germans, for the second time almost in sight of Paris, must have felt when they were suddenly confronted by those straight-shooting American marines, with their fresh vigor and enormous individual initiative.

What Can America Do?

Very little at present. Next to nothing. Congress, representing correctly the temper of the American people, is averse to joining in the guaranty by force of the security of France, and is opposed to the cancellation of the indebtedness of France. We are in a position to get ourselves internationally spanked if we now protest too much about Europe and tell France what to do about it. We are not ready to use force, and we do not think it wise to buy off a bad situation in Europe through a cancellation of debts. And France is recalcitrant about the reduction of land armament

"What Can America Do?"

asks Senator Davenport. That depends upon what America should think. It is there that The Outlook differs from Senator Davenport, as an editorial in this issue explains.

—she showed that at the Washington Conference. At present she is successful enough in her own right so that she neither needs nor welcomes our advice. And so where are we? Waiting more or less hopefully for the Continent of Europe to develop common sense before it slips over the edge of the precipice. If common sense arrives in time, the way may open for us to lend a hand. As things are, we shall have to wait until the chance comes before we can do anything. In the meantime it will do no harm to speculate a little, will it?

An Eventual Pro-American Plan.

Are we not becoming too prone in this country to speak of England as a sordid trader or of France as clearly imperialist in design? We evidently inherit a tendency to be either pro-French or pro-English from the closing days of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. This is not necessary nor becoming, because to be pro-American is far more wholesome and idealistic. There is no foreign policy more free from selfishness than ours. It is about time we began building our own programme for world peace. The mass of the people in America do not wish war. Do the masses of the people in Europe prefer war, even after the terrible catastrophe through which they have recently passed? Sometimes you are inclined to think they do, when you witness the impulsive reaction of the Italians to the taking of Corfu. But no great modern people probably, which had time to reflect and whose institutions permitted of reflection, would go to war unnecessarily. Suppose we should make the proposal to England, France, Germany, Italy, and Japan that we were ready to say to them that we would not attack them for a period of perhaps fifty years—long enough to try the experiment—if they would say the same thing to us. No force back of it, no league, just the moral integrity of these countries. And suppose we should make it a part of the agreement that if any one of us should go to war hereafter against any other of us, it should be as the result of determination by the people themselves of each country, either directly or through their representative institutions. And suppose we should agree as an evidence of good faith, as we startled the world by doing at the Washington Conference, that we would join them in slowly decreasing our armament on land and sea and in the air.

Whatever these countries which I have mentioned might do, it would seem that the rest of the world must follow. If the Government of France, for example, should demur, and the other countries went into this simple form of association, would it be long before the people of France would create a Government which would choose to come in? Some such agreement or association as this seems necessary to help France in Europe, perhaps to save France from herself and to preserve civilization.

Strangely enough, the substance of such a plan, which I have heard discussed in Europe, fits comfortably into Christian practice and principle. It contemplates a peace of reconciliation. Of course everybody knows that Christ was not a pacifist, that he knew how to hit out from the shoulder when it was necessary. But he did not bristle with conflict as so many of our very, very pro-French partisans do. Of course we know it is still necessary in this world to trust the Lord and keep our powder dry, but has not the time gone by to lay so much emphasis on the powder? I have heard it urged against such a plan of good will that it is too Christian. But has it not frequently been said since the war, in answer to the charge that Christianity did not prevent the war, that Christianity has never yet been tried in international affairs, and that, unless it is tried very soon, there will be an end to civilization?

Such a plan is naturally suggested by its advocates tentatively. It has the merit of approaching the problem afresh, as the Pacific problem was approached, through the medium of conference and concession and conciliation. And it is the only sort of association of nations which stands much chance in American public opinion. The American people, as I understand them, are willing to fight in self-defense at any time. They are even willing, in a great emergency of freedom, to go anywhere in the world to fight. But, if I understand them, they are not willing to go into any association of nations which as a regular article of its creed has force, even implicitly, at its center, and involves, therefore, an agreement to send American armies abroad. They would rather suffer isolation, patrol the shores of the United States, proceed under a slower *tempo* of national progress, conserve American ideals and resources, in the hope that the rest of the world may come to its senses before it is too late.

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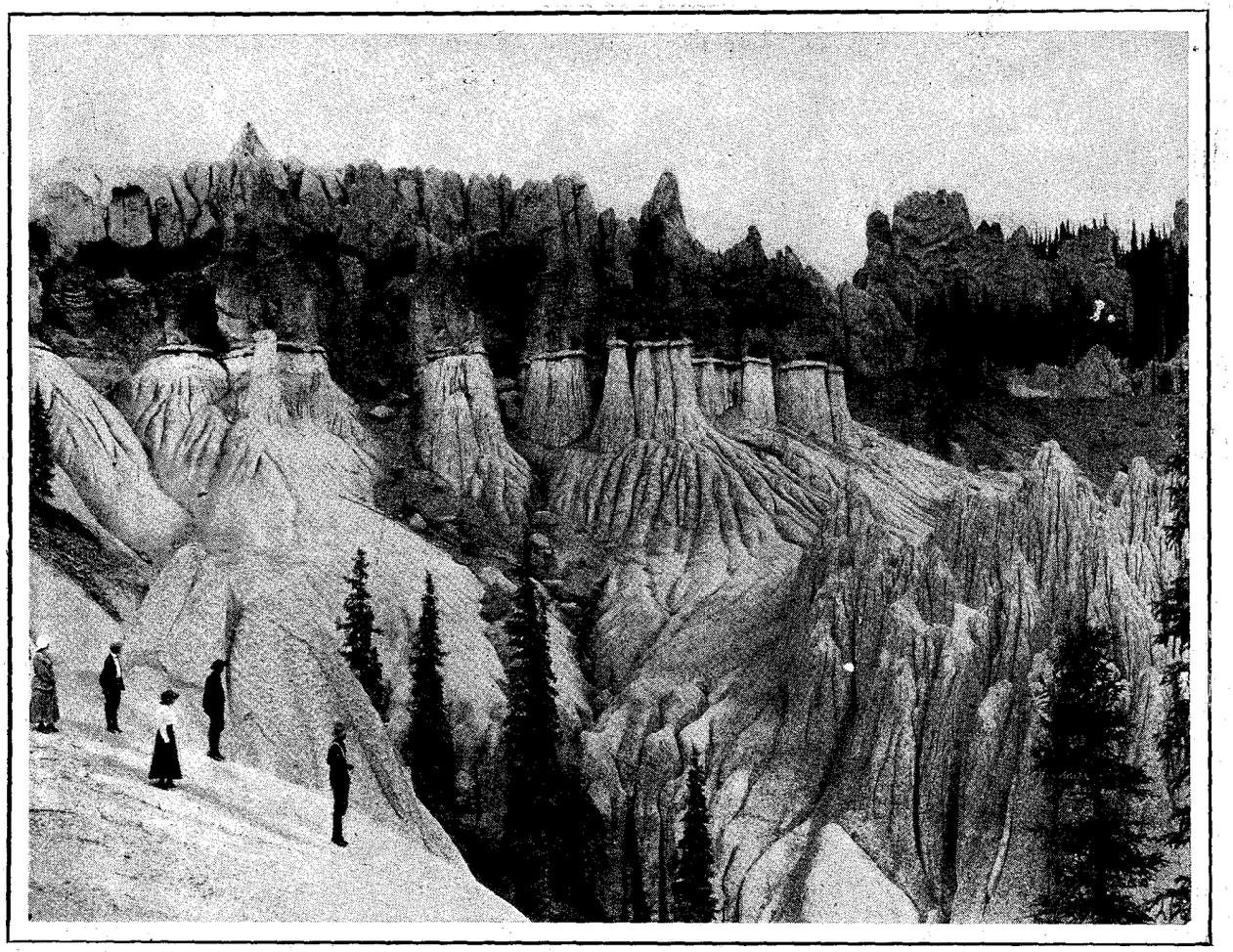

THE CHICKEN COOP—A FORMATION SUGGESTING RUINS OF ANCIENT PAGAN TEMPLES

THE WHEELER NATIONAL MONUMENT

BY ARTHUR HAWTHORNE CARHART

WITH FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE UNITED STATES FOREST SERVICE

THE 320-acre Wheeler National Monument is tucked away near the crest of the La Garita Mountains within the million-acre Rio Grande National Forest. Both the Monument and the magnificent forest belong to the people of the United States.

Travelers who ride horseback over the fifteen miles of scenic forest trail from Creede, Colorado, are fully repaid upon reaching the Monument. It is probably the most barbaric bit of real estate Uncle Sam owns. Perhaps nowhere in the world are there more curious rock forms, for here wind, water, and frost have outdone one another in producing shapes odd and eerie.

The rock from which the fretted forms are weathered is of volcanic origin. Successive prehistoric lava flows produced rock strata of varying hardness. These strata, weathering unevenly, yield weird shapes.

The fantastic Chicken Roost, topping the ramparts near the lower portion of the Monument, suggests pagan temples all awry. A walk through Echo Canyon is a trip into a petrified pixy-land. Rushing rivulets carrying sandy wash from the higher levels have sliced their way over the lip of this cleft in the lava until the rims are fluted and channeled. Rocks weighing tons so cut by rains that they resemble Brobdingnagian cauliflower are strewn on the floor of this miniature canyon, while near the upper end there is a nook filled with perpetual ice.

Stately Finger Rock, pointing to the sky, and the spectral army of rock Ghosts are other larger features of the Monument. Every corner, every step, every turn of the head, when one is in this interesting landscape, discloses other interesting points.

It is said that General John C. Fremont's expedition camped here in 1840 and that bits of abandoned equipment still remain. The Monument was named in honor of Captain George M. Wheeler, U. S. A., who in 1874 explored this part of Colorado. It was created a National Monument by President Roosevelt because it is an "area of unusual scientific interest as illustrating erratic erosion."

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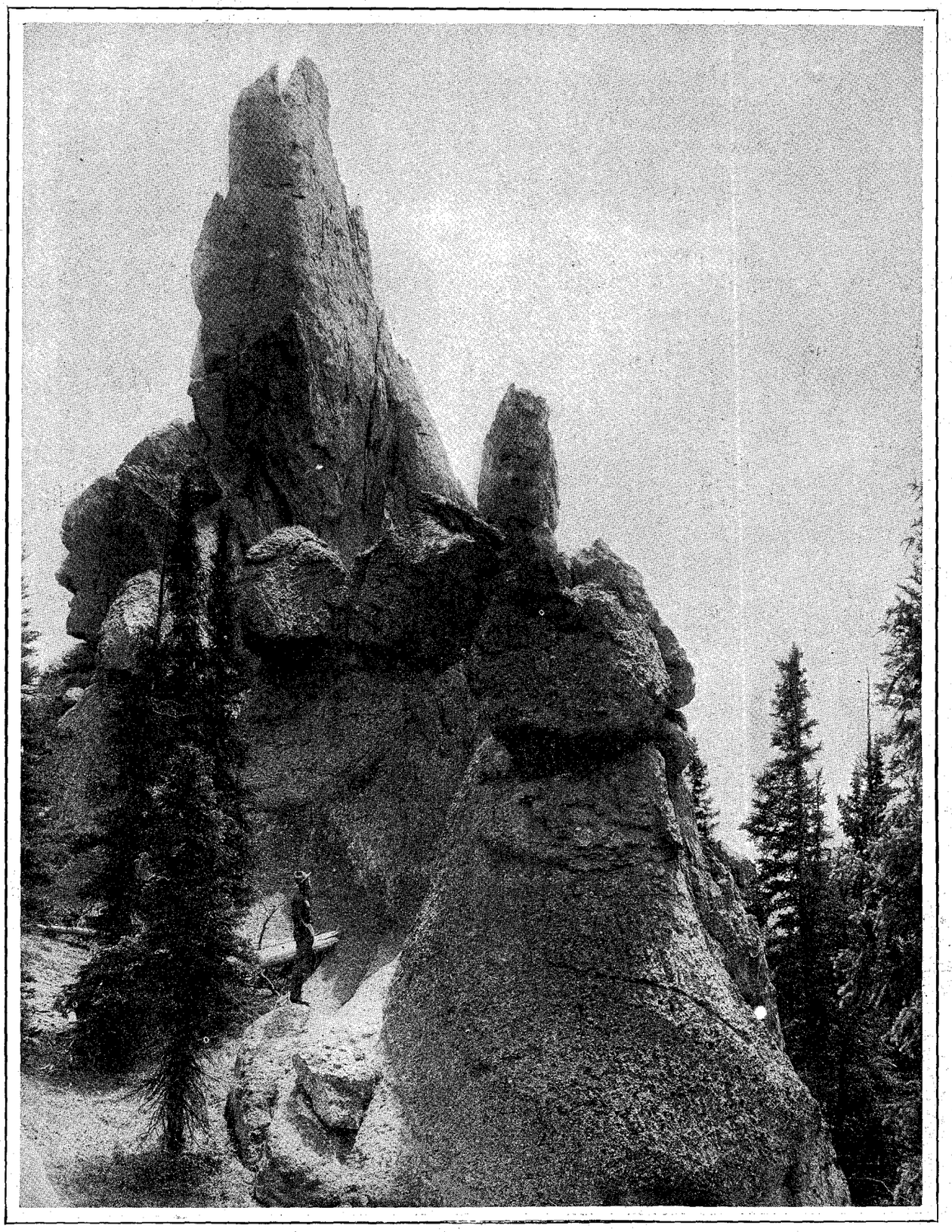

FINGER ROCK IS A MAJESTIC UPTHRUSTING PINNACLE

Note the "faces" in the rock's profile

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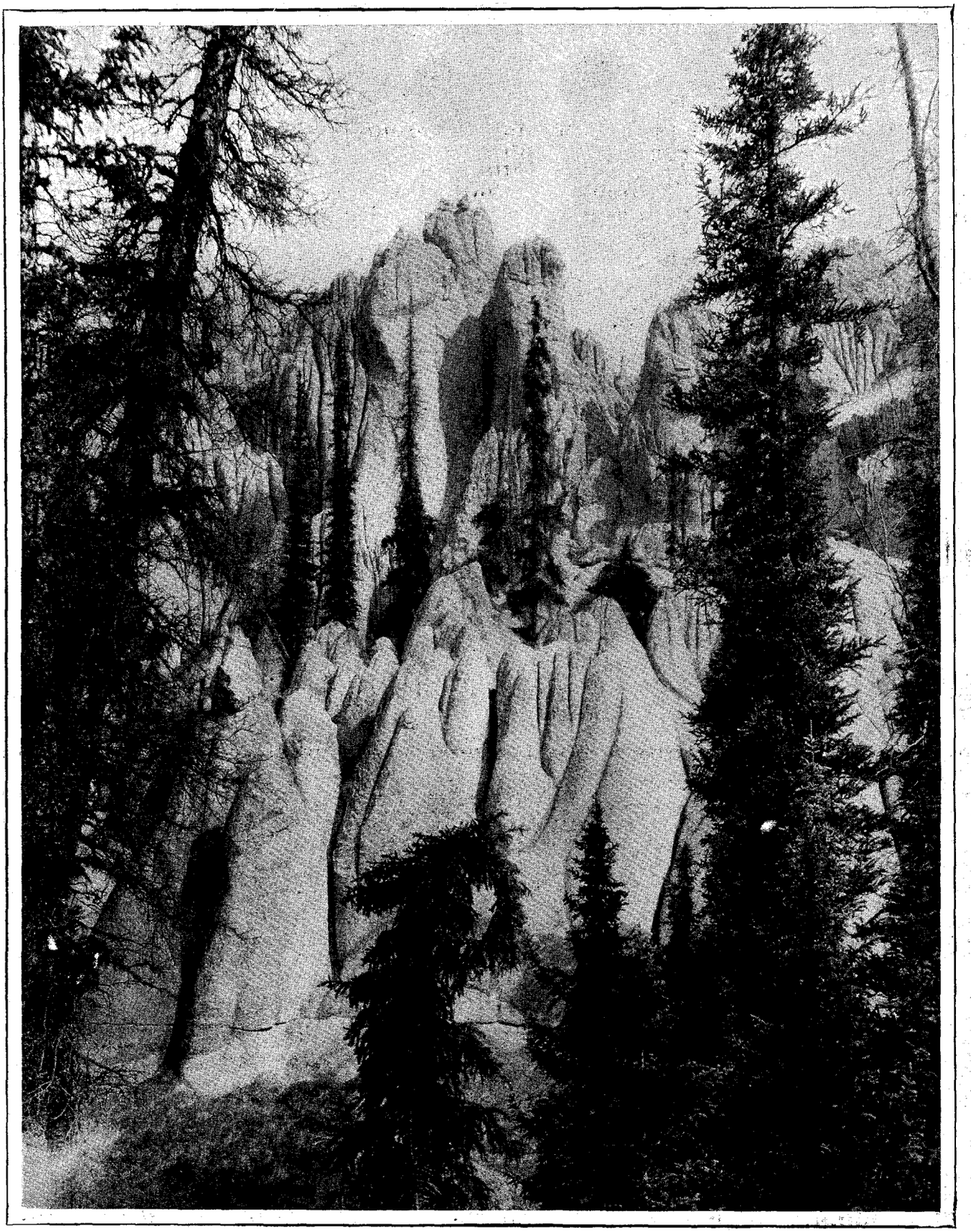

THE GHOSTS ARE A SPOOKY TROOP OF ROCKS

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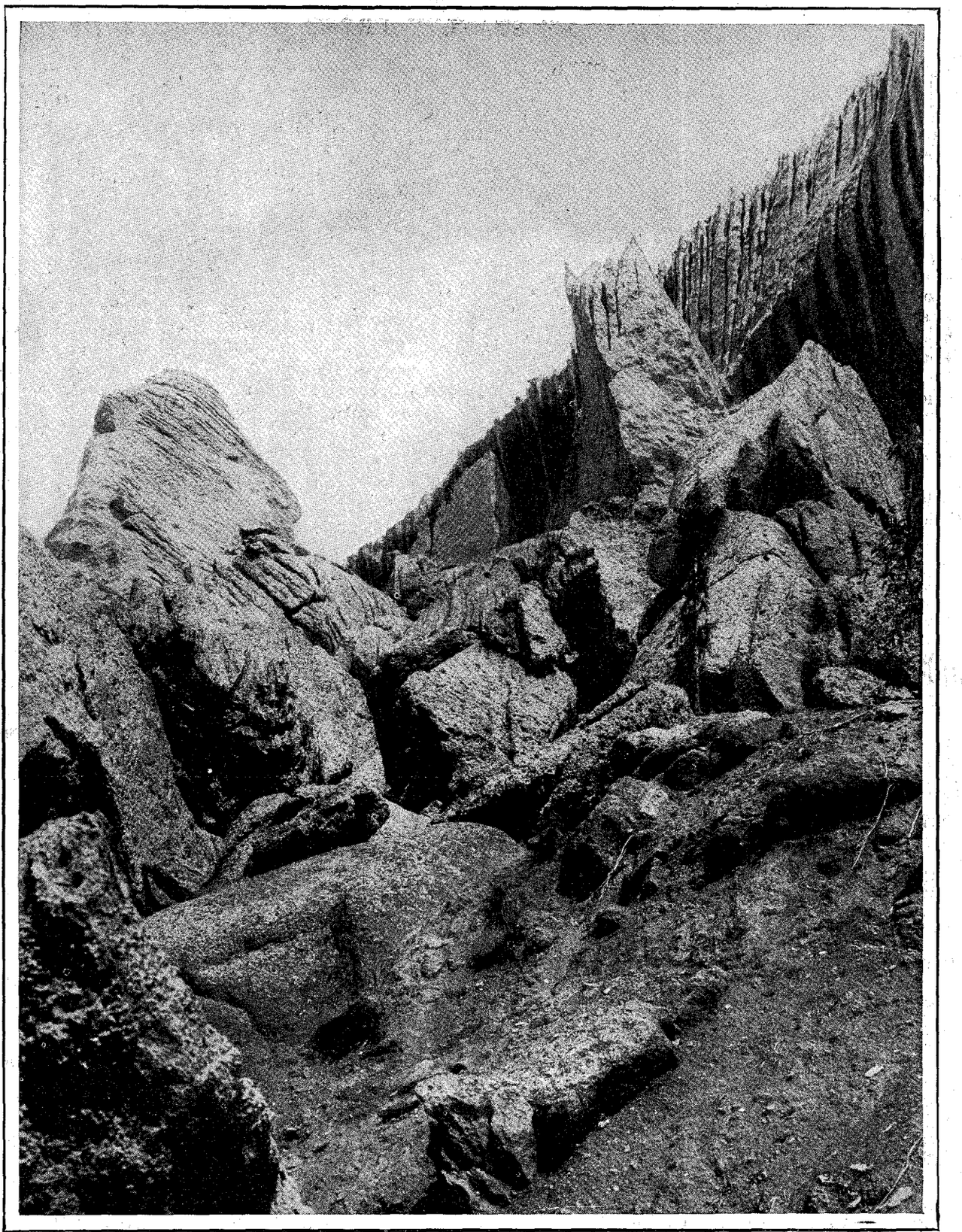

ECHO CANYON IS A VERITABLE GNOME GLEN FILLED WITH CURIOUS FORMS

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THE PRICE OF BOOZE—ON THE BORDER[1]

BY STANLEY FROST

THE grizzled innkeeper in the little village just south of "the line" tamped his pipe with a leathery forefinger and glanced at the clock as a heavy truck flashed under the lights outside and vanished down the glistening road.

"That'll be Jake Ranett," he observed, meditatively. "He's a mite ahead of time to-night. Mostly there's a couple of other runners gits through fust. Wonder if he's gittin' it somewheres else for a spell. He's been sayin' he needed a change of luck. Me, I allow what he needs to change is his brains. He's had all the luck one feller is entitled to, seems as though.

"Jake, he's been rich and poor three four times these last two years. He makes a-plenty, like all o' the runners, but I allow there's something about this booze money makes it hard to hold onto. Jake, he spread his every which way—rolled the bones, played the hosses, tried to buck the market, besides living like J. P. Morgan. Some fellers says he's lost half a million, though most like that's too high. But it's been a heap, all right. Same with most of 'em. This town would be rich if they'd hold onto it, them that don't git killed.

"Oh, yes, they's been a passel of these boys killed—three right here in the last ten months. One of 'em wasn't rightly in the booze business at all. That was another piece of Jake's luck, too, him bein' the feller that ought rightly to have got it.

"Why, yes, everybody knows it, so's they's no reason I shouldn't tell you. They's nothin' secret"—the fire hissed as he spat to emphasize the last word—"about this booze business up here. Everybody knows about it, or can find out, includin' the Gov'ment men, if they want to.

"It was along last spring. They was four boys down the road got hold of a big car, second-hand of course, but a big fast one. They kind of aimed to make a little money like the rest. You know, what with so many fellers makin' so much, and with stories goin' around even bigger than the money, the kids just natur'ly itch to git after it. You can't hold 'em in school, and you can't git 'em to do no real work, neither. Who wants to work for three four five dollars a day when he might clean up a month's wages in one night? It's awful temptin' to the kids, what with law enough to keep the prices high and not enough to make it dangerous, much. And the real danger ain't from the law, neither.

"These was real nice boys, some of the best families down the road—folks all right. Well, they drove up to Jake's one noon and asked him could he sell them fifty cases. Of course he says 'yes,' but he ain't got it right then, and tells 'em to come back at five o'clock. They agreed and drove off, and Jake he takes a car—no use using the truck for a small job like that—and goes up across the line and gits it.

"On his way back something went wrong with his engine, and there he is stalled half a mile from home. Now, you know, they's some things they won't stand for even around here, and he didn't allow it was good jedgment to leave his booze sittin' there in the road whiles he went for his truck. Besides, he figgered he'd be late and maybe lose his sale. So he went into Frank Blanchard's and asked him for a tow. Frank got out his flivver and hauled him home—Jake and his booze.

"There was the boys, three of 'em. One hadn't come back for some cause. Frank hauled the load around behind the ell of the house, and they all packed the stuff into the boys' car. Then one of 'em says to Jake, if he'll step inside the woodshed they'll pay him. Jake went, not suspectin' nothin', and when he got there the boy hauled out a gun and told him to stick up his hands. He said at the trial as they had planned to pay Jake soon as they turned over the stuff, but they didn't have cash, bein', as I said, just nice kids and tryin' to git a start.

"Now Jake, he's a old feller, but spry. 'Stead of puttin' up his hands he done a dive for the boy's legs, and upset him. The boy pitched down and the gun went off, and Frank, who'd sort of follered 'em in, got it right through the middle. He died next day. The two boys in the car they let her into high and went around that house like the devil was after 'em, leavin' the one that had killed Frank.

"Jake, he picked himself up and ran through the shed, grabbin' a shotgun, and he got in range and let fly just as the car was turnin' into the road. He didn't hit the boy, but it must have fussed him, for he missed the turn and went into a telephone pole. They was bottles and busted glass scattered over an acre, and a smell there for days. Good stuff, Jake handles. The driver boy, he was in the hospital for two months. When he got out, they sent the three up for eight years, all alike, the killing of Frank bein' accident like and not intended.

"I 'spose that's fair enough, and I'm mighty sorry for Frank. But it's pretty hard on the boys, considerin' that things sort of leads 'em into temptation, as the Book says. They'll be in just durin' the years that'll count most, when they ought to be gittin' through school and gittin' started. They'll be around twenty-four when they git out. The fourth feller? Oh, they got him down State a while later and sent him along with the rest.

"The next feller to git it was Ed Simmons. Ed, he'd been workin' on a new bridge for the railway, when some feller hit him with a hot bolt and he quit. He was just married—a mighty nice girl, too, and ambitious to git ahead—and he got him a job with the customs. But he couldn't live on what they paid him—about three and a half a day. You know a man can't live on that with prices what they are and taxes what they are and beer a dollar a bottle.

"Anyway, pretty quick Ed learned the ropes and sort of stretched his pay by takin' his five dollars a case for not bein' there when the runners went through, or for tellin' 'em when and where there wouldn't be no one. That's the reg'lar price—no more, no less.

"Ed, he made a right nice stake at that and saved his money. He was fixin' to go to runnin' himself as soon as he had enough. But they fired him before he quite got it and they put in another feller who did the same thing. He's runnin' now. That's the way a sight of the boys gets their start, you know—that five dollars a case. With some of the trucks runnin' as high as a hundred fifty cases, some nights is right profitable.

"But here Ed was without quite enough to start with. It takes real money to handle a load of booze, you know, but two loads doubles your stake. One sure thing was that Ed couldn't finish makin' his stake at day wages. So after a while he took a flier with the hold-up fellers. That was pretty easy pickin', because when one of the runners got held up he couldn't scarcely kick, because he was breakin' the law himself, technically, anyway. So the hold-up boys was pretty bold for a while. There was nights they'd search every car and truck headed south—even in daylight, sometimes.

"Ed, he did pretty well, and they say it was his last job—that he'd have enough to start for himself next day. But you never can tell whether them stories is true or not. Anyway, it seems some fellers that had been held up was so mad they'd risked goin' to the officers, and word was passed out

[1] The names and scenes of these incidents have been disguised for obvious reasons.

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that if anything happened to a hold-up man there wouldn't be too much asked about who done it.

"So when Ed tackled this car some feller began shootin' right off. Ed, he got forty-seven shot in him and he was dead when they got to him. The fellers in the car, they run. One of 'em lives about two mile down the road here, and he give himself up pretty soon, but they let him go. The other feller kept away for a while, but he's back now. Folks didn't seem to think no more of Ed than if he was a dog. I s'pose he had been kind of interferin' with business. But it ain't right, in that kind of dealin's, for the law to stand by one feller and turn another down. They's all in the same bar'l, seems as though.

"Oh, yes, it did sort of stop the hold-up business and make it safer for the runners. You can figger that's an advantage or not, just accordin' to how you figger it. The hold-up fellers did a heap more than the customs men ever did in enforcin' that law."

The old man leaned toward the big Franklin and stirred up the fire, got his pipe going, and settled back as if his story were done.

"That only makes two men killed," I reminded. "You said there were three."

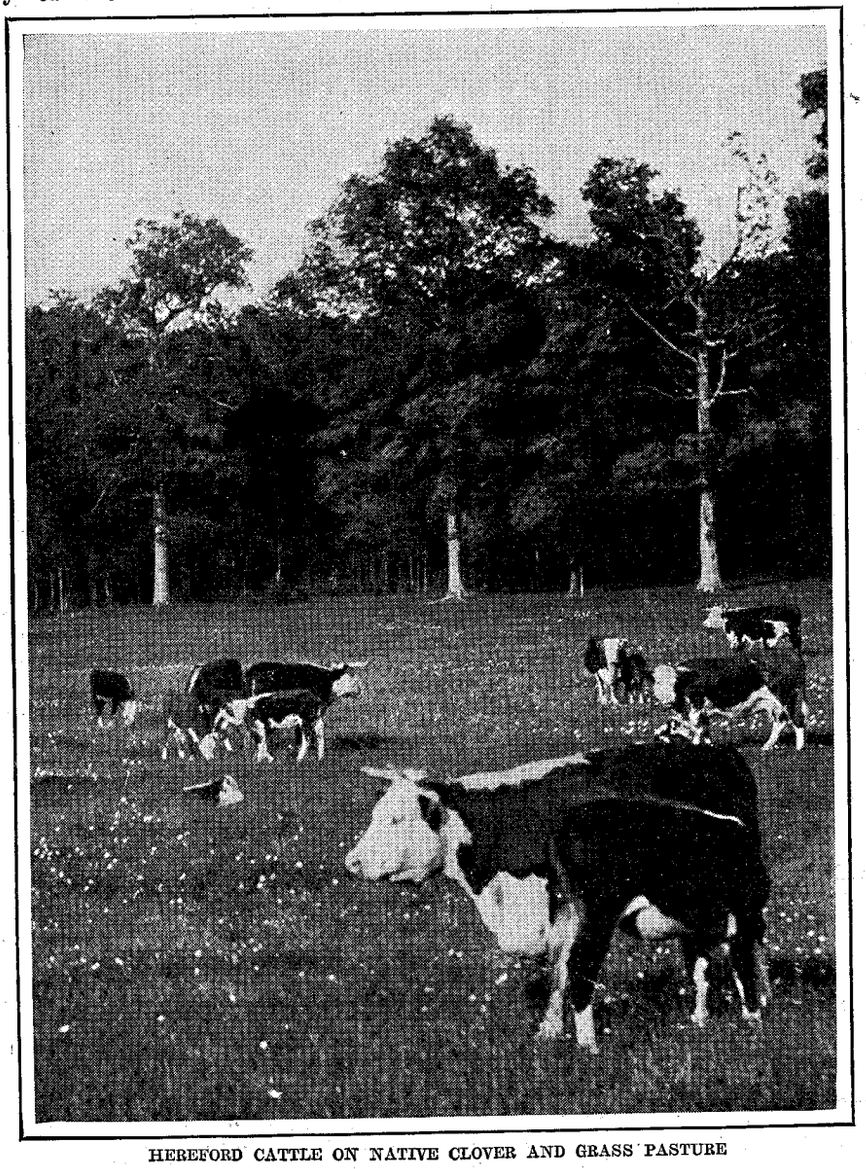
"Oh, yes. Him? That was Frank Bronson, a reg'lar runner. Why, one night he was comin' down with a load, near a hundred cases, and a feller jumped out in the road with a gun. Frank, he natur'ly thought it was one of the hold-up fellers and that he likely wouldn't shoot, so he just stepped on her. But, by gum, it was some new customs man, and he did shoot.

"That's one trouble with this runnin' business—you can't never be sure when some feller'll cross up the game."

FROM COTTON TO CATTLE

BY JOHN A. HAESELER

"THESE two young men have traveled all over the world, and now they have come to see the best part of it," declared the Genial Judge as he introduced us to the Sagacious Secretary. "Welcome to Montgomery County," exclaimed the Secretary of the Farm Section of the Montgomery Chamber of Commerce. "We are always glad to have young Yankees come to Alabama. We want them to have a chance to imbibe some of the culture of Montgomery and carry it back to the North to civilize the people there. Montgomery County has some of the richest soil in the country, the finest system of county roads in the South, and the best system of rural schools in America. There is no doubt about it being one of the best places in the world."



HEREFORD CATTLE ON NATIVE CLOVER AND GRASS PASTURE

We smiled skeptically. The Judge and the Secretary had all the enthusiasm of Western pioneers founding a boom city. We enjoyed their enthusiasm, but belief could come only from first-hand experience. This the Sagacious Secretary realized, and he was not satisfied until we had traveled over nearly every road in the county, visited stock farms, and inspected the new school buildings. Thus we were won to the faith, and have abandoned agnosticism to carry the gospel of Montgomery County to the unenlightened.

The keystone of Montgomery County's prosperity and prospects, as in all agricultural regions, lies in its land. Montgomery County is one of the counties through which the famous Black Belt of Alabama passes. Starting in northern Mississippi and Alabama, this belt of black soil sweeps southward half the length of those two States, and then swings eastward over the south central part of the State. A hundred years ago the planters trekking westward with their slaves selected this black soil from all the vast stretches of virgin land in the South on which to establish their plantations. In their home States the planters had grown little but cotton, and they transferred their system of cotton culture to the new area. The soil was rich, cotton grew easily, and the planters prospered. They acquired more slaves, and thus the Negroes came to be segregated on the darker soils. The poorer farmers who lacked slaves or had only a few settled on the less fertile lands. Thus the area became known as the Black Belt for the color of its population as well as for the color of its earth.

The first flush of virgin fertility

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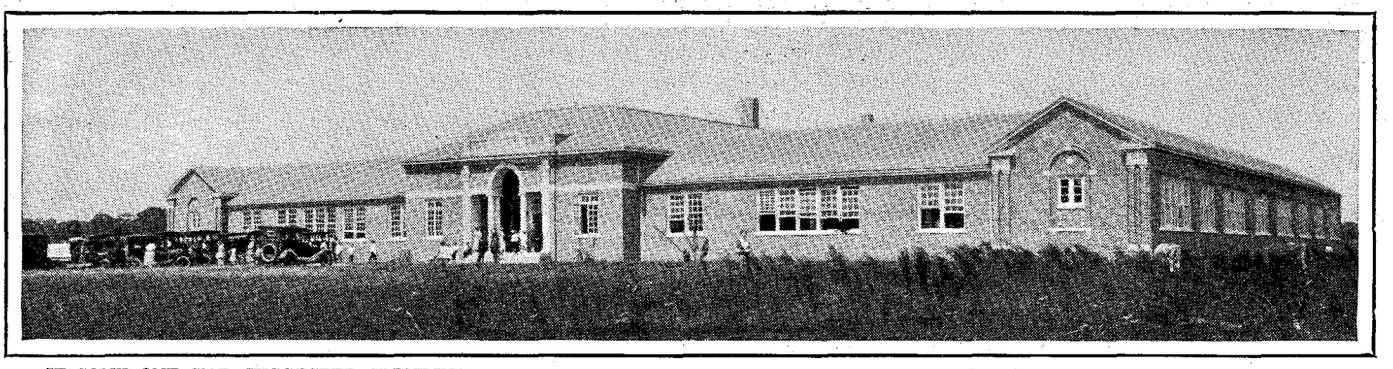

IF SOME ONE HAD SUGGESTED SPENDING $125,000 FOR A COUNTRY HIGH SCHOOL A FEW YEARS AGO HE WOULD HAVE BEEN LAUGHED AT. BETTER TIMES JUSTIFIED SUCH AN EXPENDITURE FOR THIS BUILDING

had no sooner begun to fade away than the Civil War ravaged the country. Deprived of wealth and slaves, the planters retained only their great tracts of land. They could cultivate them only by dividing them up into one or two horse farms of twenty-five or fifty acres and renting them to their former slaves and to the poorer whites. Negro tenant farming, however, never proved lucrative. As cotton continued to bring relatively lower prices, due somewhat to tariffs erected by Northern manufacturers, returns diminished. The farmers continued to hold to their lands as a matter of family pride. Then a decade ago the boll weevil began his devastation of Alabama, often carrying off half a farmer's cotton crop. This sweeping stroke made it impossible for many of the planters even to meet their taxes with the incomes from their lands. With their knowledge of farming limited to cotton cultivation, they seemed to have no resource.

But the Sagacious Secretary had a solution. He knew that the soil of the Black Belt was rich. Cotton culture had come to it as a matter of political incident. Why should not other crops replace cotton?

He called a specialist to make a survey of the soils of the county and influenced some of the farmers to begin experimental work. Twenty-eight per cent of the area was found to consist of black-lime lands as fertile as any of the soils of Iowa or other Middle Western States. The dark-colored upland calcareous clay, known as Houston, was especially adapted to alfalfa and other clovers as well as corn and oats. The Trinity clay, on the first bottoms, was very rich in organic matter. Besides these black-lime clays there were Susquehanna soils which would lend themselves well to Bermuda and Johnson grass for hay, and Norfolk sandy loam which would produce good pasture crops such as rape, rye, and vetch or oats and vetch and velvet beans for pigs and cattle, and its light sandy surface made it suitable for peanuts and for trucking crops such as Irish potatoes, cantaloups, asparagus, beans, peas, and other vegetable crops. Montgomery County was shown to have a wealth of resources that had never been imagined. It had soils the variety and richness of which could make it as well-rounded and prosperous a farming and live-stock region as any in the country.

The utilization and development of these newly discovered riches became the chief problem confronting the progressive members of the county. The possibility of teaching new methods of diversified farming and live-stock raising to the conservative planters and their illiterate Negro tenants was not very promising. In one afternoon we gathered this list of superstitions from the Negro farmers of the area:

Anything, such as beets, carrots, potatoes, etc., that grows underground should be planted when there is no moon.

Watermelons should be planted on Good Friday.

To make butter-beans and peanuts grow better the husks should be thrown in the center of the roadway.

Meat cured when the moon is waning will waste away.

Hogs castrated when the moon is waning will bleed to death.

Fishing should be done only when the moon is right.

Obviously, among a people with such an attitude toward nature the grasping of modern methods of agriculture would be too slow to yield any immediate results. Most hope of rapid progress seemed to lie in the attraction to Montgomery County of Northern farmers, with their scientific systems of agriculture and live-stock raising. With this in view, the Montgomery Chamber of Commerce with its Farm Section raised a fund of $100,000 to set the knowledge of the resources of Montgomery County before the farmers in the Middle Western States. They also had as their motive the improving of the agricultural conditions and methods of the people already there.

When we visited Montgomery, the results of this programme were already apparent. As we sped over the roads some of the finest pastures we had ever seen struck our eyes. Cattle and hogs and sheep reveled in thick grasses and clovers. This farm was pointed out to us as belonging to a farmer from Kentucky, this to a man from Indiana, this to one from Illinois. These Northern farmers had acquired the land from the planters for $30 or $40 an acre for land ready for the plow but without buildings—land comparable to that held in Iowa for $200 or $300. The modern methods of agriculture they had brought with them were being adopted by some of the older residents.

Already a considerable live-stock industry had grown up, a thing for which Montgomery County possessed unusual advantages. The long warm period of the year allows a grazing season several months longer than that in the Northern and Western States, for cattle can be kept on pasture nine or ten months out of the year, being turned from one field into another in rotation. The normal crop-growing season averages 246 days, and five crops of alfalfa can be produced a year. Johnson grass springs up naturally on the idle land, making three or four cuttings of heavy hay or furnishing a rich pasture. Black medic grass and lespedeza, coming on later, serve as pastures until January. Since the winters are mild and short, the cattle need to be fed only in January, February, and part of March, and a minimum amount of shelter is required. The six railways running through Montgomery and the stockyards located there that have a daily capacity of 8,500 hogs and 2,500 cattle supply additional advantages for the live-stock industry, for these make Montgomery the live-stock distributing center for that part of the South.

Though the county is equally suited to raising both beef and dairy cattle, the dairy industry has shown the most rapid development. To promote it the Sagacious Secretary wrote a eulogy to the cow, which was distributed in pamphlet form throughout the county. In the single year of 1921 the number of dairy cows in the county doubled and the value of the milk products exceeded the value of the cotton crop by three hundred per cent. By the summer of 1922 there were from 100 to 125 dairy herds in the county, with more than 3,500 cows, pure bred and grades. A model State Dairy Farm

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with 100 pure-bred Guernseys and the most complete modern equipment has just been established outside of Montgomery. Montgomery, a city of 60,000, furnishes the market for the dairy products, and the surplus is sent to Birmingham, Atlanta, and New Orleans, the former of which is three or four hours away by rail. At any hotel or restaurant in Montgomery delicious thick cream can be secured at any time, a condition unknown elsewhere in the South, for, though the South has been an agricultural region for three centuries, cows have been practically neglected and common milk is ordinarily expensive and difficult to get.

Though most of the development has come in the beef and dairy cattle industries, the raising of hogs has been given some attention. In this, as in similar industries, the Black Belt also possesses unusual advantages. The hogs thrive on the pastures of alfalfa and on those products, such as oats or rye and vetch, peanuts, velvet beans, rape, and sweet potatoes, which can be raised on sandy loams. By planting cover crops such as bur, clover, or some other legume for winter the hogs can be grazed practically the year round. Sheep can also be kept on pasture throughout the winter and do not require shelter. It is thus possible to raise early lambs, which, like early vegetables from the South, top the market and make sheep raising decidedly profitable. Development has also started in other lines, such as poultry, fruit, pecan, and truck farming.

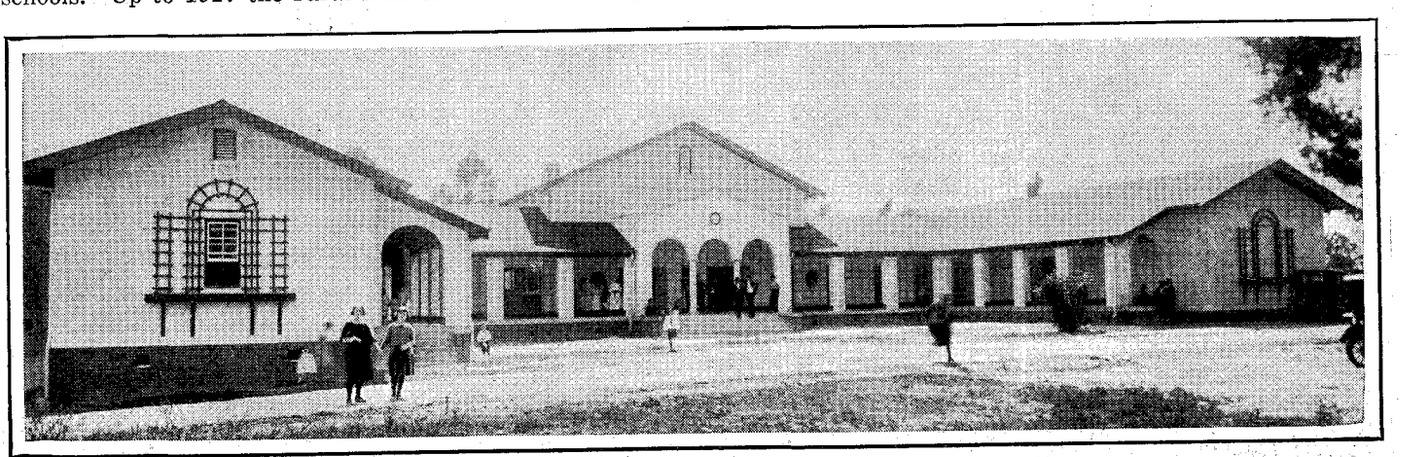
Besides these remarkable strides in agriculture, one of the greatest claims of Montgomery County to fame lies in its roads. Extending throughout the county are 700 miles of the finest hard-surfaced graveled roads we met in all the South. They reach to within a mile of every farmhouse, and possibly only one or two other counties in the South can boast of a system of roads so complete and well constructed.

The signal achievement of Montgomery County, however, is in its schools. Up to 1917 the rural schools of the county were typical of those in most parts of Alabama and the South. For the 3,020 white children of school age in the country districts there were 47 school buildings, representing a total value of $34,000, and having but 1,145 seats. Many of the schoolhouses were little more than shacks. Most of them were in a dilapidated condition. In nearly thirty of them there were no desks for the teachers, and many of the pupils' desks were made out of boxes and odds and ends of lumber. Their sanitary arrangements were nothing or worse than nothing. The total value of books, school furniture, and all other equipment was $5,875. All things included, the average investment per white child was $13. There were no high schools in the country districts.

A change in these conditions was begun in 1917, when a large modern school building was erected. Then, after 1919, when the State of Alabama amended its Constitution to make possible an additional 3-mill tax for schools and changed the code, thus removing the school board and superintendent from politics, a greater advance was made possible. In 1921 the people of Montgomery County launched a consolidated school programme involving the expenditure of $750,000. The ramshackle frame buildings were abandoned and an entirely new school system was established. Fifteen brick and stucco school buildings with the most modern equipment replaced the squalid shacks. All of these were constructed on a one-story plan and the mission style of architecture was commonly employed. Each of the schools was provided with an auditorium capable of seating 300 to 700, which would make them the social centers of their communities. Set in the country as they are, they were provided with ample land for playgrounds and pupils' garden plots. Two of them were supplied with 83 and 60 acres of land, and none of them were given less than ten. The six-three-three plan was installed, which gave a grade school of six years and a junior and senior high school each of three years. Three schools were made into two-teacher grade schools, four into three-teacher grade schools, five into combination grade and junior high schools, and three into combination grade and junior and senior high schools.

In order to make these schools accessible to all the children in the county, a detailed system of transportation, made possible only by the splendid roads, was installed. Thirty-four trucks were put in operation to gather up the children who lived too far from the schools to walk to them. These trucks transport about 1,900 of the 4,000 children, carrying them to school each morning and returning them to their homes in the evening. There are many precautions which the drivers must observe, and thus travel is made safe for the children. Some help has also been given to the Negro schools, and together with the aid of the Rosenwald Fund and their own contributions some of the colored people are gradually acquiring new school buildings. The complete system of white schools, one of the best, if not the best, system of consolidated rural schools in the country, was first opened at the beginning of the past school year, 1922–3, and now every white child in Montgomery County has available to him a school of the grade for which he is fitted.

Thus it is that Montgomery County has been transformed from a typical indigent Southern county into a prosperous, forward-looking region in five years. Skeptical as we were, this demonstration of the sudden awakening allayed our skepticism and aroused in us the same enthusiasm as it had in the Genial Judge and the Sagacious Secretary. Yet what Montgomery County has done is little more than most other counties lying within the Black Belt of Alabama and Mississippi can do if they have men with sufficient initiative and foresight to carry out the project. Montgomery County has set the pace. It is serving as a goad to urge all the other Black Belt counties on to progress. It has become the beacon to which they are aspiring.



BETTER FARMS MAKE BETTER SCHOOLS. HERE IS A JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL, LOCATED EIGHTEEN MILES FROM THE CITY OF MONTGOMERY

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FADING GAME TRAILS

WHERE THE NEWS HEADLINES ARE PRINTED ON THE GROUND AND MEN HAVE BECOME LIARS BECAUSE THE TRUTHS THEY TOLD WERE INCREDIBLE

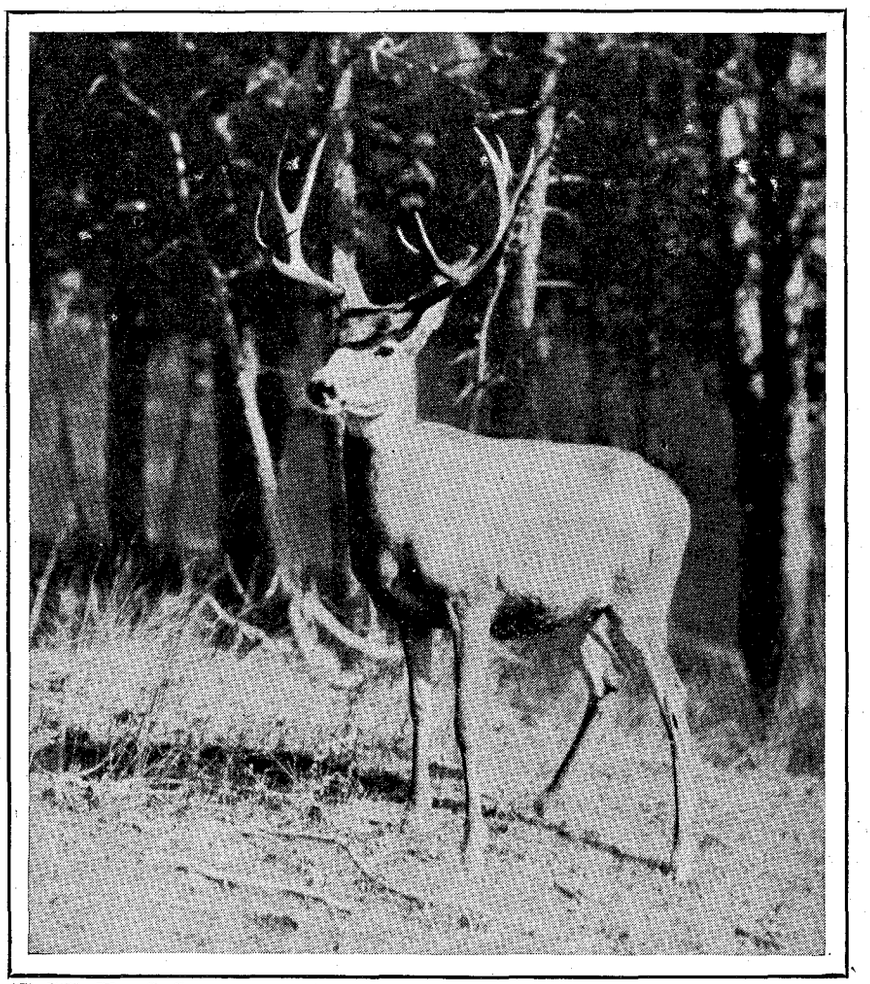
BY WILLIAM C. GREGG

FOR three years now I have been traveling for my summer vacation to the Cascade Corner of Yellowstone Park, where the music of falling waters is jazzless and the towering trees and cliffs shelter me from the mad world. Instead of the Snodgrass baby and the Simpkins divorce, it is the vagaries of the old gray mare and the wise sorrel that season the talk around the camp-fire.

Our breakfasts are newspaperless, but the horse wrangler reads from the ground stories which are as interesting as anything the morning paper can show. From his saddle he surveys the trail carefully and gives us the news from the headlines. "Nothing much except a few deer track." In ten minutes he may say, "A bear was seen on this avenue this morning." "A grizzly?" "No, a black bear—big though. You can call him a grizzly if you want to—most people do, it sounds bigger." Another morning he reads from the trail, "The elk have the headline clear across the page to-day. There must have been a hundred along here last night."

Around the camp-fire we hear tales of the early times—how Colter, a scout with the Lewis and Clark expedition of 1805–6, went back in 1807 to trap in what is now Montana. He was captured by the Indians, who, to make a real sport event, stripped him of all his clothes, gave him a hundred-yard start, and watched the young braves who were to overtake and tomahawk him. Colter was a good all-around man. If a stop-watch had been held on him, records for all distances from one hundred yards to a mile might have been recorded for all time. He escaped by outrunning all the braves and by concealing himself in a beaver hut until dark. He then walked naked eleven days, living on roots, berries, and will power, and reached a settlement and safety.

Then some one is reminded of Jim Bridger, the man who visited Yellowstone wonderland about 1830 and brought back truthful accounts of hot pools and geysers. People laughed at him; whether or not he had been a liar before, he then became one and told such whoppers that nothing he said was seriously considered. One example will suffice. He claimed that the law of gravity didn't work in the geyser country—the place where the Indians thought the devil lived—so that he could ride his horse across canyons a mile deep; for this reason going was extremely easy.



(C) 1923, Wm. C. Gregg

COULD YOU GAIN THE CONFIDENCE OF AN ANIMAL LIKE THIS, AND STAND HAVING SOME ONE SHOOT HIM?—A MULE-DEER BUCK IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK

I suddenly jump up shivering and declare our camp-fire to be a friend to my face but an enemy to my back. Then some one suggests that two fires twenty or thirty feet apart solve all problems. The cook adds: "If you are lost in the woods overnight, build a good big fire, let it burn for two hours, then remove it, and you can sleep warm on that spot all night."

On a trail trip one of the greatest thrills comes from an unexpected meeting with a band of elk. The bulls stand a few seconds with heads high as if to challenge the animal world, but on realization of the presence of man they all disappear through the woods or make a splendid spectacle as they go over the low hills of an open area.

For magnificent personal presence I think the bull elk equals if not surpasses even the African lion as he stands full height on an elevation covering the retreating herd. With his magnificent head, flashing eyes, and crowning antlers he is a picture for the gods.

'Twas only last summer that the Superintendent said to me: "If it hadn't been for the Yellowstone National Park the elk would be extinct by now." What a thought! And what a fight it is to keep the herds from dwindling to scattered, occasional pairs like the antelope and moose! We still have a few thousand elk. It is a wonder, for the park is surrounded by a swarm of game killers. The size of the park is approximately fifty by sixty miles. That means about two hundred and twenty miles of border. Only seven miles of this border is fenced; so when the snows of winter come, all the grass-eating animals seek the lower valleys, drifting often far beyond the protection of the park and also of the forest reserves which afford considerable aid.

The habits of all these animals are so well known that the State laws of Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho create

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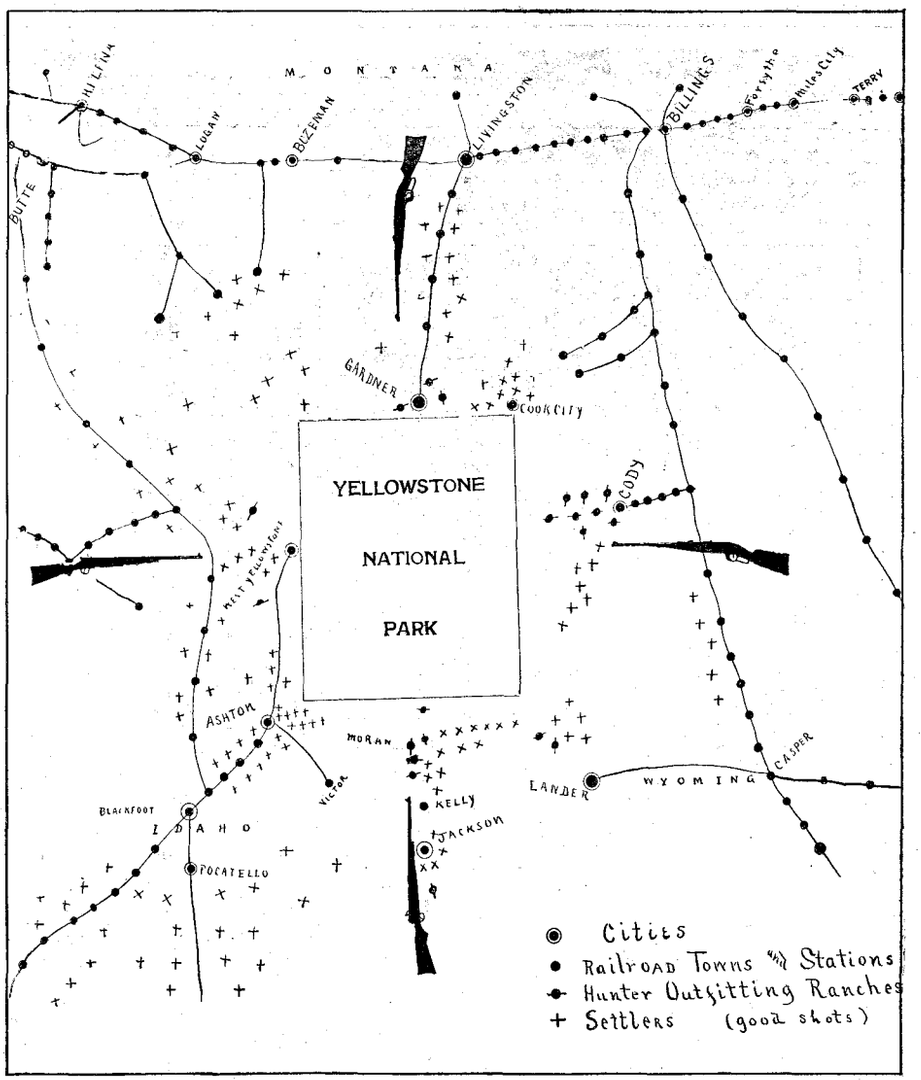

THE PARK IS SURROUNDED BY A LARGE POPULATION WHICH HUNTS IN THE FALL (OPEN SEASON). THE PARK ANIMALS STRAY OUTSIDE AND SOME HUNTERS STRAY INSIDE. THAT IS WHY GAME TRAILS ARE FADING IN THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

an "open season" for shooting elk at this critical time by any one who will pay for a hunter's license.

Thousands (I use the word advisedly) of men go hunting every fall. Although there are still to be found some game to hunt in the other portions of these States, the bulk of them hunt in the vicinity of Yellowstone Park. A cattleman in Wyoming said to me, "We always know the animals which come out of the park, they are so tame and easily approached."

When the winter weather is mild, the game stay in the park very well, and it is only the poachers who cross the lines at remote places and kill them. The vigilance of the National Park Service keeps this evil down at present, but it has not always been so. When the Army was stationed at Yellowstone, and several hundred soldiers patrolled the borders and "guarded the game," things were somewhat different. A merchant living near the park told me of having done a soldier of the park guards a service. This soldier came to him that fall and said, "Do you want to make some money?" Said our merchant, "Sure." The soldier then disclosed that he and two companions were going to trap beaver in the park, and they had to have a man outside to sell the pelts, and that they would give Mr. Merchant one-third of the proceeds. My relator refused to go into it, but, he told me, another man did, and his share for this enterprise was fifteen hundred dollars.

One of the interesting side-lights on this story, which comes to me first hand, is that my friend obeyed the unwritten law of poacher land rather than the written law of his country. He did nothing to bring criminals to justice, and yet he is, generally speaking, a good type of citizen. Perhaps we need to have read in our public places, including the public schools, the duty of every citizen of our beloved country to *tell on criminals*. The difference between tattling about our neighbors and reporting their breaking of the law is not clearly enough defined in the minds of Americans. We too often avoid both, and fail in our patriotism.

The park poacher is just as much alive to-day as ever. It is such a temptation to set a few traps at remote places. Beaver, mink, otter, and marten are stealthily gathered in.

When the winter is severe, the big game seek the lower valleys and stay outside the park. In the fall of 1919, during the "open season" of the bordering States, a heavy snow-storm drove the elk, deer, and antelope to the friendly (?) shelter of the dozens of valleys through which the streams of Yellowstone Park flow in all directions to the lower farming country. The report of their appearance quickly spread. Such a slaughter has not been recorded since the old buffalo days. From the town of Gardiner, Montana, alone (situated on the park line) 3,600 killed elk were shipped on the railway. How many were carried out by automobiles is unknown.

A herd of four hundred elk which started to winter in the meadows of the southwest corner followed the storm down a short way into Idaho and never came back. "Not a one returned," said the park ranger to me when relating what he saw and was powerless to prevent—it was all legal.

The present plan of operating a big game preserve, with the object of keeping these splendid animals in their natural surroundings, so that our grandchildren can enjoy their acquaintance and pass the delightful trust on to succeeding generations, is not complete, and its execution is quite defective. The only assurance the National Park Service can give of preserving these species is that during favorable seasons they can accumulate animals, hoping that unfavorable seasons will not obliterate them entirely.

I spent several weeks on the game trails in the park in the summer of 1919, when I saw much game, especially some fine herds of elk, one numbering perhaps five hundred—a wonderful sight. The next summer I repeated my visit, and saw hardly a single animal; and fresh signs were rare. That 1919 winter was a bad one. Many animals perished without the aid of the repeating rifle. My opinion is that over half the big game of the park was wiped out that winter by hunter and hunger. Since 1919 the winters have been quite favorable, and the elk have increased. The deer have held their own, but the antelope and moose have decreased.

After all, the greatest and most persistent enemies of the park animals are the near-by settlers, many of whom are located on lands which because of the altitude should never have been opened to settlement. They have a hard time getting along. Many of them are more hunters than farmers. These depend for their fresh meat supply on their rifles and elk. They lived in the wilderness before game preserves were dreamed of, and they consider, law or no law, that they are entitled as settlers to fresh meat.

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A woman, wife of such a settler, in a candid discussion of this their problem, said to me, "We only kill what elk is comin' to us." To get the significance of this remark one must understand the conditions.

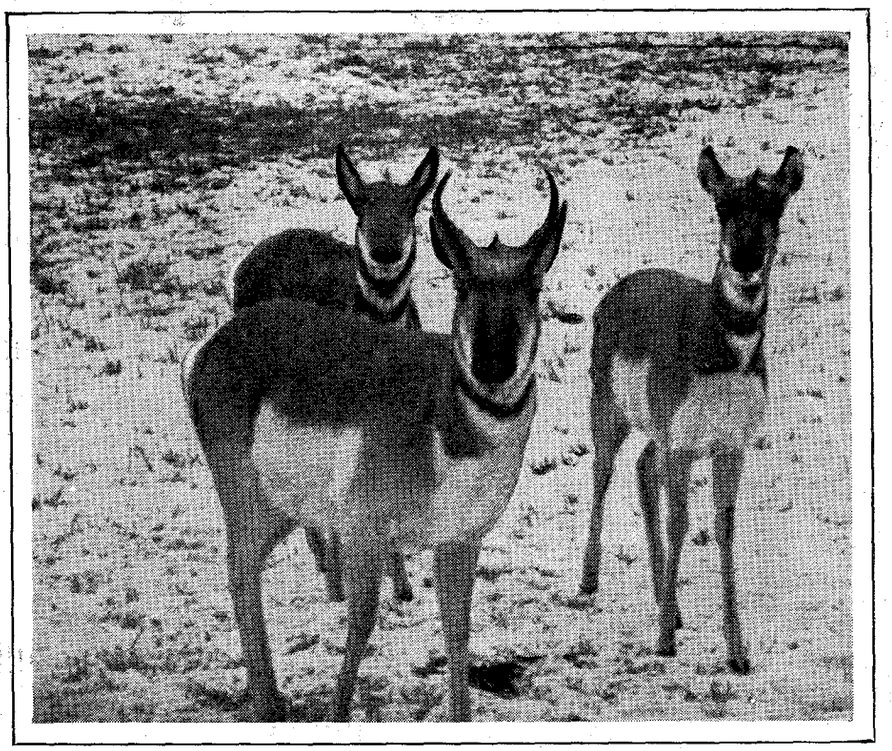
If there were only a few settlers within riding distance of the park, instead of thousands, and if they were economical in their use of elk meat, the breaking of game laws would not have such serious consequences. I do not think any of these people ever invade the park itself to get meat, but they kill outside the park during most of the year. The force of State game wardens of Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming are not sufficient, even if sufficiently inclined, to stop this meat getting by settlers. Some wardens take their business seriously and prosecute offenders vigorously, but such men do not stay long in office. Others see to it that they stay in office by a "liberal policy." They often recommend longer killing seasons, and their recommendations naturally have great weight with Legislatures, many of whose members are old settlers. The open season for this fall of 1923 is:

Montana, from October 15 to December 20.

Idaho, from November 1 to November 30.

Wyoming, from September 15 to November 15.

Between these dates every hunter can legally kill his elk, male or female. Two years ago some of us were astonished that the Chief Game Warden of Wyoming recommended to the State Game Commission that one hundred male antelope and one hundred bull moose might be killed by properly licensed hunters. After a vigorous protest from several large game preservation societies, the antelope were stricken from the list and only fifty moose-killing permits were issued. For the past two years, therefore, that many male moose at least have been lawfully killed, and where did the hunters go? It is safe to say that they went straight toward the park from their homes or outfitting ranches. I am informed that as a result the best herd of moose in the park, in the upper Yellowstone Valley, has been almost destroyed. It was small enough before—perhaps two or three hundred. They do not always stay in the park, as their habitat and feeding grounds are on both sides the park border. Only one moose calf has been seen in that area this year of 1923. The result of killing males is naturally the chasing and exhaustion of the females by removal of the male protector of the young when beset by wolves and interference with moose breeding; the more such game is disturbed, the less they breed.

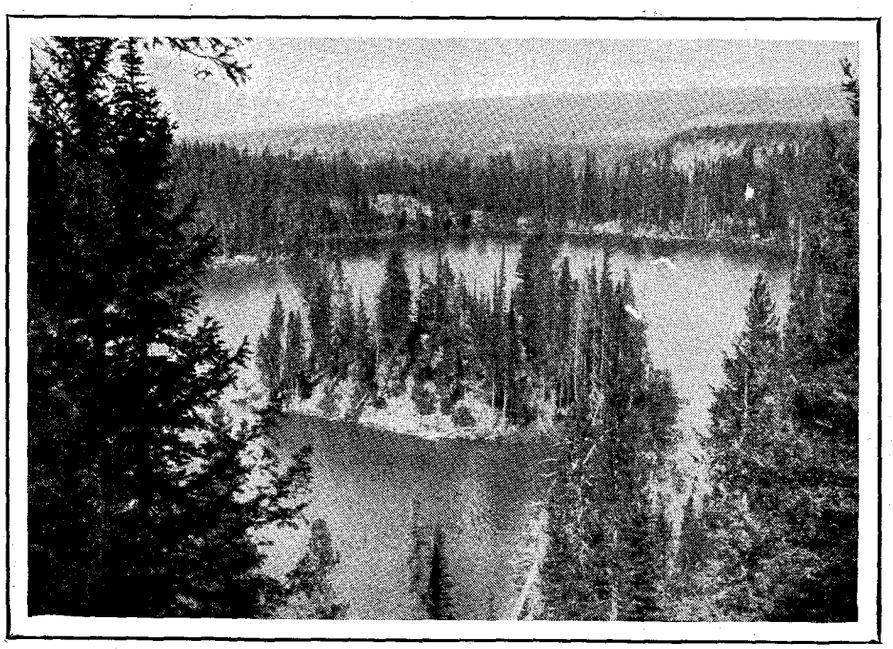


PRONG-HORNED ANTELOPE IN YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

I do not want to depress further my readers by gloomy stories, but a word about predatory animals is necessary. Wolves, coyotes, mountain lions, and occasionally bears, prey on the elk, deer, moose, antelope, and mountain sheep. It seems impossible to exterminate them in the park. They will stay with the game as long as rocks and woods shelter them. The Park Service rangers do a lot of good work every winter, and the annual toll indicates continued warfare. Last winter they killed 221 coyotes and 8 wolves in the park.

The astonishing thing is that four or five executives and fifty rangers patrol and protect the park of 3,348 square miles in area (almost as big as the State of Connecticut) and look after the tourists, numbering this year about 138,000, of whom 93,000 came in automobiles. All the movements of these visitors are under the control and supervision of the National Park Service, including building ranger stations and maintaining and building park roads, of which there are 345 miles, 810 miles of trails, and 283 miles of telephone lines.

How much do you suppose Congress appropriates for this, the greatest National Park in the world? Answer: This year the appropriation is $368,-



THE ONLY FRESH GAME TRAILS WE FOUND WERE AROUND THIS UNNAMED LAKE IN THE CASCADE CORNER. PROBABLY NO HUMAN BEING, WHITE OR RED, WAS EVER ON THAT ISLAND

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000; but the park returns to the United States Treasury all its income from auto road licenses, tax on park concessions, etc., amounting to $290,000 (estimated), so the net cost to dear old tightwad Uncle Sam is $78,000. I am under the impression that Central Park in New York, Fairmount Park in Philadelphia, and Lincoln Park in Chicago each cost these cities over a million dollars per annum, and their area is almost nothing compared to Yellowstone Park.

What, then, is to be done to make the Yellowstone Park a permanent home of big game? The answer is, Fence it in and increase the ranger patrol, or extend the park to include some of the adjacent lower valleys. Nobody wants a fence. It is the last barrier between animal innocence and human greed. The increase of the park area is feasible, and only a moderate amount of money will be needed if handled right. A good many settlers will have to be bought out. Their holdings are nearly all for sale now. Congress can give a fair price. The land will always be worth the cost. The co-operation of the Forestry Department will be needed. Patriotism, love of nature, and good team-work would be expected from them; but a good deal of friction has occurred between several departments of the Government over the protection of big game, and who is to do it? Bureau heads are sometimes too much engrossed in carrying out their plans. Ambition to develop a big department overrides the reasonable way and substitutes "our way." Without reflection on any bureau or its head, the problem of permanent preservation of big game in at least one great asylum is greater than the career of any Government official. I believe that when the issue is made clear we will get team-work from the departments and backing from the American people.

The first move in this programme will be the extension of the Yellowstone Park south into a part of Jackson Hole, including the Teton Mountains and two or three alpine lakes snugged away under their glaciered peaks.

This extension was indorsed by President Harding when he visited the park last July. He was touched by the shy confidence of some of the animals, and said:

"I have gathered some interesting impressions from my sojourn in the park, and I wonder if similar impressions have come to you who live near by. For instance, because of the protection of wild life in the park, there has been created amongst the wild creatures there an air and feeling of confidence which causes them to experience a sense of security. We saw it everywhere; and as I watched the wild life of the park to-day, unconcerned and unmindful of the human beings about them, manifesting their confidence in the security of the situation, I thought how helpful it would be to human kind if we could have a like confidence one in the other in all the relations of life."

THE PERILS OF POLLUTED WATERS

BY DAVID M. NEUBERGER

PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL COAST ANTI-POLLUTION LEAGUE

RANKING with our world-famous parks for beauty and usefulness and as a force for human well-being are our coast and lake shores, our river banks and inland streams.

At least they could be so ranked yesterday. To-day they are being ruined; to-morrow they may be gone. For while our parks have been surrounded with laws to assure their preservation, our shores—an equally fine asset—have been left with practically no protection. Our rivers and streams bid fair to become a menace rather than a blessing, and our bathing beaches are fast growing unfit for public use, reasons enough for us to sit up and take notice even without the additional one, aside from all æsthetic consideration, that a great and important source of food supply is rapidly being destroyed.

All this from neglect! It is no exaggeration to say that in our intense interest in European developments for the last few years we have overlooked a situation of the utmost importance to our country; for a problem that bears on the conservation of food, the preservation of health, and the enjoyment of those natural advantages to which we have a legal and moral right, a problem, too, which is country-wide in scope, is nothing if not a serious one.

Pollution of our waters—lakes, rivers, and coasts—through factory wastes, discharges from ships, refineries, and asphalt, tar, and other chemical plants, there is our problem. It can be handled successfully by this Nation only when our population is aroused to the facts of the situation. It isn't that our voters don't want to preserve their shores; they simply do not know what is going on. If they did, they would do something.

Among the most important products of the United States is one of unlimited use in commerce, transportation, and other fields of human activity. Our bureau of mines developed its production. The invention of a certain "cracking" process has given the whole world what has become an outstanding factor in an industrial age, and possibly, all things considered, one of the outstanding malefactors of all ages. This product is gasoline.

Its base is petroleum—oil. The production of oil in the United States in 1922 was 23,150,274,000 gallons. We exported 429,786,000 gallons. The ships which carried away this huge quantity returned in water ballast and pumped out their bilge and slops when nearing our harbors. We imported 5,224,280,000 gallons, and the ships bringing in this vast cargo sailed away in water ballast, emptying their bilge and slops into the sea and coastal waters. Every one who has an acquaintance with our harbors has seen the vari-colored oil film on the surface of the water, and has noticed, perhaps, how a very small quantity of oil will spread over a large area. Who has not heard of mariners in olden days pouring oil on troubled waters, a barrel or two spreading so far and wide as to calm a whole raging sea? Only that oil was clean, at least, while the surface film on our harbors comes from the bilge and slops of passing vessels. When that film comes into contact with animal and plant life, it coats everything with an impenetrable layer, preventing free action of oxygen and carbon dioxide. Scientists maintain that aquatic forms of life are extremely sensitive to any change in the hydrogen-ion concentration of water, and that the slightest degree of acidity will cause all animal life to leave or else kill it outright.

What is the result of this pollution of our waters? Frankly, we are facing the utter ruin of all shellfish food sources—already oyster beds once highly prized have been completely destroyed—and the destruction of all other sea food and of all fresh-water fish.

I have pointed out in previous articles that this destruction of one of our really great sources of food has gone so far that prices have soared in some cases from five hundred to six hundred per cent as the supply of certain sea foods has diminished. You and I are paying the piper.

And speaking of paying, it is well to point out at this point that the loss of

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our fisheries is responsible for greater tax burdens in other directions. When it is no longer possible to tax underwater lands used for shell fisheries, the loss of revenue must be made up from some other source. Again, for our failure to cope with the pollution evil, you and I are paying the piper.

What effect has pollution on our National well-being? From the coast of Maine right down to Florida and then along the Gulf comes the cry that there are poisons in the waters. In Galveston the people ceased using the fish taken from the bay and went to Corpus Christi for their supply. (Texas has enacted a law against this menace to the food supply.) Little wonder that persons do not care to eat fish taken from waters so foul that men, women, and children, hoping to enjoy a swim, are affected with skin diseases and infections of the eye and ear.

Our parks are beautified and maintained for our enjoyment. Why should not our beaches be National playgrounds, free from discomforts and dangers to health? The public certainly has the right to use and enjoy our waters, whether at Coney Island, Miami, or Los Angeles. No wonder there is a growing protest from people who find that an ocean dip means submitting to a gasoline bath; from owners of shore cottages who have closed them in disgust after a few experiences with oil and tar on the beach; from hotel managers everywhere along our coasts who declare that the beaches are being ruined as resorts for health and pleasure.

Another serious angle to the problem as it affects our well-being is the fact that oil pollution creates in harbors a fire hazard recognized by authorities as highly dangerous. Numerous fires have been started by floating oil, with a resultant loss of life and millions in property in many cities, notably New Orleans, Louisiana, Newtown Creek, and Bayonne, New Jersey. New York Bay is literally coated with waste oils. Not so long ago conditions along the North River in New York City and Jersey City were so bad that a conference of officials and fire underwriters was called. The Philadelphia Board of Trade, considering the provisions of a bill to protect the harbors of the country, demanded in June, 1921, immediate Governmental action, pointing out that the National Board of Fire Underwriters had already given warning, and urged that suitable legislation be enacted.

The pollution evil is not peculiar to any one locality, although the problem differs in different places. It exists everywhere, affects everybody, if not from the more serious view-point of health and wealth, at least from the point of view of pleasure. Swimmers and fishermen feel it first hand. Taxpayers, even miles in the interior, must feel it indirectly. It is undoubtedly a problem for the people of the whole United States to solve.

There are two chief sources of pollution. Oil-carrying and oil-engined vessels are chiefly responsible for the condition of our coastal waters and beaches. But there is also the waste discharged from all sorts of factories and plants located on the coast, or on direct tributaries, such as tar, chemical, dye, gas, and asphalt works, refineries and phosphate mines; in some few places oil fields and oil refineries.

There can be no doubt that our waters *are* polluted, no doubt that pollution causes discomfort, property damage, and disease. Then why is it not the duty of our Federal and State legislators to give the people relief? Legislation providing penalties for the discharge of poisons and filth into our streams and within the three-mile limit along the coast would quickly put an end to a situation that must soon become intolerable. I have no desire to appear unduly pessimistic, but certain it is that in the absence of immediate remedial measures it becomes merely a matter of time before we must combat a serious epidemic as a result of negligence. It is inevitable, if pollution continues at the present rate, that conditions will go beyond our control.

I know that exactly the same sort of warning was sounded years ago when the boll weevil first made its appearance in the South. The pest could then have been stamped out, had Washington heeded the initial warnings, by an expenditure that would to-day seem ridiculously low. Nothing was done then by the wiseacres. I know that this warning, sounded to-day by the National Anti-Pollution League, may have even as great success; but the effort is surely worth making, for the danger in this case is not to be confined to the South alone, but to the whole country.

In his report to Secretary Hoover in June, 1922, the Commissioner of Fisheries, Mr. O'Malley, stated that by pollution of waters "the public health has been menaced, public works have been damaged, agriculture has suffered, and in some parts of the country the streams have been swept bare of living things." He goes even further by declaring emphatically "that the pecuniary losses suffered as a result are enormous and the preventable damage to the life and beauty of our streams, lakes, and sea coast is beyond all estimate in terms of mere money."

This is said of the problem as it existed in 1922. What if, like the boll weevil, matters are allowed to drift from bad to worse? Who will venture to predict the huge appropriations that will be required in days to come to conquer such an evil left unchecked —and perhaps by then unconquerable?

Taxation is a far-reaching thing that reaches nearly all of us vitally. Let me give you some figures. Reports show that from 1903 to 1913 the taxation of National, State, and local government rose from $18 to $23 per capita in the United States, an increase of 31 per cent. The Federal tax burden was actually 15 per cent higher in 1921 than in 1919. The per capita tax has grown from $7 before the war to more than $41 in 1921, while local burdens of every kind have increased from $17 in 1913 to more than $28 in 1919 and $37 in 1921. During the past three years many local governments have accumulated debts of staggering proportions. Taxes are becoming so heavy that individuals, too, are a bit staggered.

I have no intention of being an alarmist in emphasizing the connection between higher taxation and neglect of the pollution evil in the United States. Anything that causes "enormous pecuniary losses," as Commissioner O'Malley points out, is obviously contributing generously to high taxation. It stands to reason, as night follows day, that it will continue to add to our financial burden as long as it proceeds unchecked. The Anti-Pollution League wants the people of this country to be fully informed as to the present situation and its inevitable consequences; for only a general realization on the part of the public will put an end to the pollution of our waters. Such evils do not disappear of themselves.

Delay until the pressure of absolute necessity forces us to act can only result in a calamity to our own and future generations. It was recently asserted that in seventy-five or one hundred years New York City will extend beyond White Plains, in Westchester County, and be populated by twenty-five million people. New York State would contain a hundred million souls, and other States would increase in population in a like ratio. Just stop and consider what it would mean, if this be a true picture of the future, if the food products of the sea, which experts of authority assert now constitute one-fourth of all the food supplied in the entire Nation, were to be totally wiped out because of pollution.

The pollution evil is no imaginary menace. I am not like a Chinaman during an eclipse beating upon a tin pan to prevent an imaginary monster from devouring the moon. The problem is here now, where none but the blind can fail to see it. We can't expect to go forward backwards; gasoline and oil are great agents of progress; but they bring with them certain problems which we must face intelligently and at once, lest progress prove retrogression.

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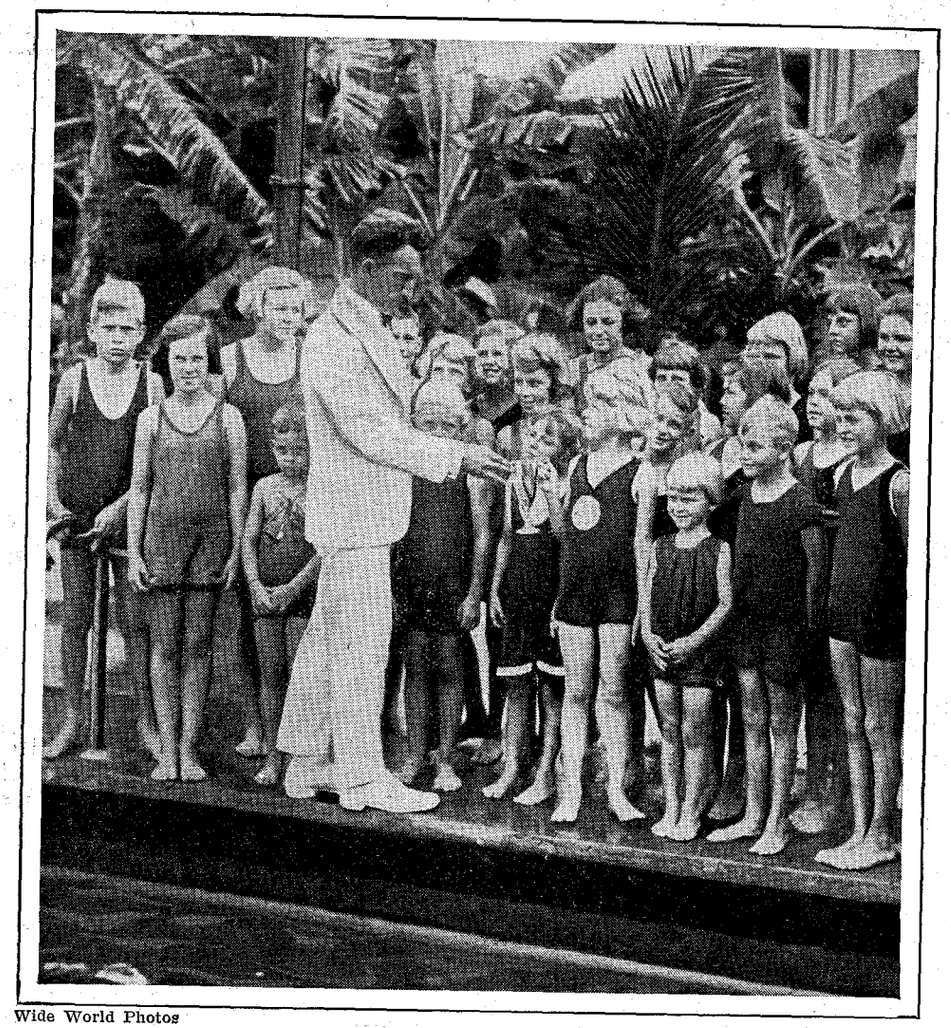
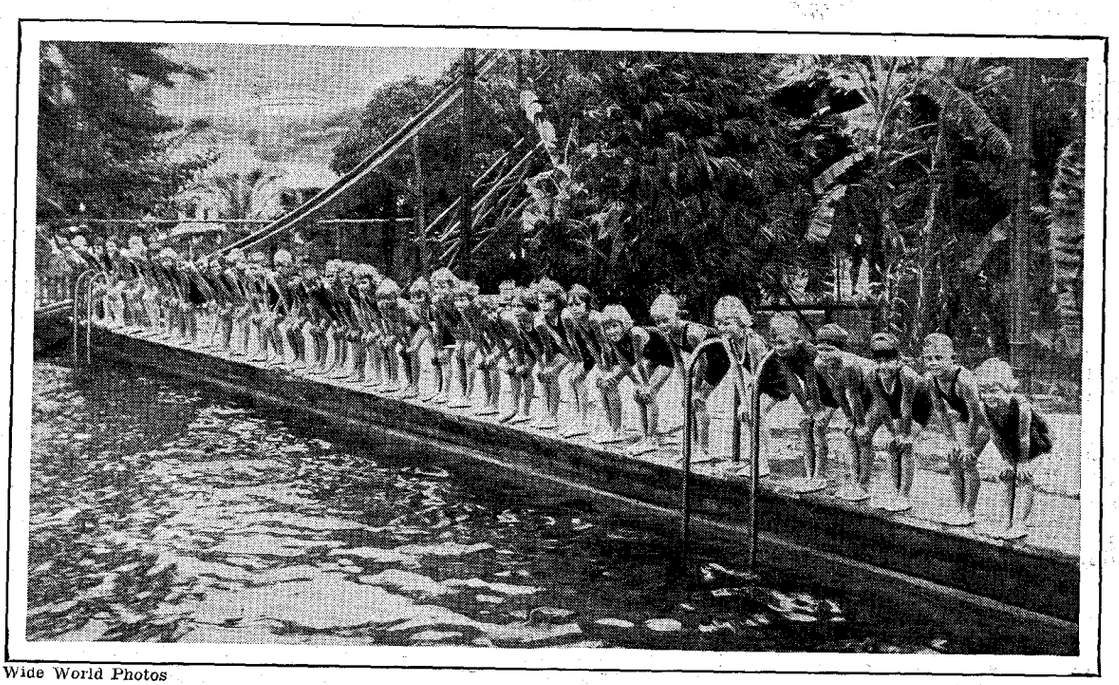
AN UNEXPECTED BY-PRODUCT OF THE PANAMA CANAL



Wide World Photos

CHILD SWIMMERS RECEIVE LOVING CUP

Members of the Red, White, and Blue Swimming Troupe of the Panama Canal are shown in this picture receiving a cup from H. J. Grieser, U. S. Government Swimming and Health Director. It was the gift of Mr. Frank C. Clark, in appreciation of demonstrations given by the children to visitors to the Panama Canal



Wide World Photos

THE PANAMA CANAL JUVENILE SWIMMERS

Under the direction of Mr. Grieser, U. S. Government Swimming and Health Director, these children are taught to swim almost as soon as they can walk

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THE BOOK TABLE

A STORY WRITER'S LIFE[1]

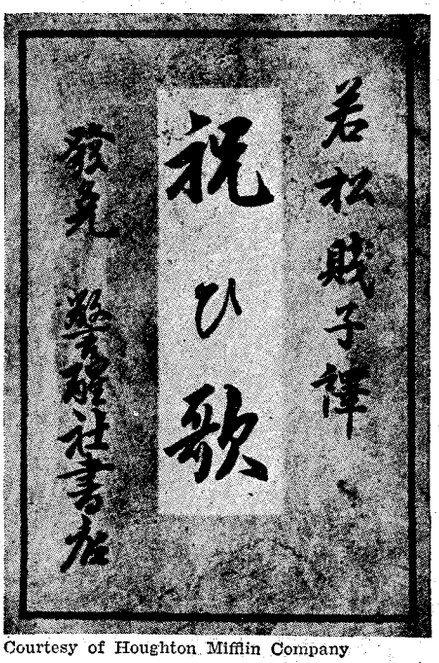
BY R. D. TOWNSEND

WHEN the author of this vivacious narrative describes her own childhood as that of "a creature of dreams and fancies, or ardent enthusiasms and unflagging energies," she really characterizes her whole joyous and helpful life. As we read, for instance, the delightful story of her railway journey as a child with Dickens (here retold and well worth the retelling) we see the little girl, future author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," simply bubbling over with enthusiasm for the man who wrote the more famous "Christmas Carol" and already possessed, to quote her words, with his "elemental humor, his inexhaustible vitality, his humanity, sympathy and pity." Life seems to have been for Kate Douglas Wiggin a continued succession of Christmases—jollity and friendliness and the extending of happiness in as wide a circle as possible. Whether she was building up under difficulties the first kindergarten school west of the Rockies, or writing stories about happy and funny children, or making a play out of her "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," or reading her own stories with spirit and gusto to great audiences, or traveling abroad with keen zest, or building up a unique community center in her Maine village—always in this autobiography we find her enjoying life and conveying to others her contagious sense of humor and her supreme pleasure in seeing others happy.

And always we see her love for children to the front. She quotes the Moorish proverb, "Work for the children is better than pilgrimage or holy war," and she acted on it throughout all her career. She wrote: "Even before 'Polly Oliver' and 'Rebecca' were written, my life began continuously to 'intersect the orbit of youth.' May it be so always till I die! Meeting young people has always given me what Wordsworth calls 'vital feelings of delight,' and I welcome it on every possible occasion to this day."

Almost equally strong was her pleasure in the loneliness of serene old age. Here is a pretty bit of description of an afternoon among the famous sages of the Concord School of Philosophy:

> The day was warm, and they had all bared their heads to the breeze. Mr. Channing had helped Miss Peabody to a seat, while Mr. Emerson and Mr. Alcott rested at the foot of a great, leafy oak tree.
>
> I never shall forget it; the sight of the four aged, benignant heads (three of them white with the snows of almost eighty winters) on which the mellow August sunshine poured its flood of light. There was no thought of time in the minds of these geniuses. They paused in their leisurely gait, sat down on a flat grave-



Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company

TITLE OF THE JAPANESE TRANSLATION OF "THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL"

> stone to discuss high themes, moved to another, always forgetting their hats or sticks or portfolios, which I gathered up in safety and retained until the proper moment when they might remember their next engagement. I shall never forget "Abigail Dudley's" stone, for there it was that Miss Peabody passed her hand over my ruffled curly front locks and said, on the last of these homeward journeys through the graveyard:
>
> "Our young guest has developed much during this week! Another year she must be a real student, and I hope that her hair will be drawn back smoothly from her fine forehead."
>
> My one task in life was to conceal the height of my Websterian brow, but my head was bowed with shame over this criticism by my dear old friend, when to my amazement Mr. Emerson said absent-mindedly from an adjacent tombstone:
>
> "I have seen smoother heads with less in them."

One outcome of that visit to Concord was an incident relating to Miss Peabody—"this gentle, aged, white-haired child of seventy-eight—a child in practical matters but incredibly old in wisdom and spiritual vision." Miss Kate Douglas Smith (as she was then) as Miss Peabody's eightieth birthday approached raised among kindergarten friends a gift of a thousand dollars in recognition of Miss Peabody's pioneer work for kindergartens. The outcome is thus told:

> It chanced that Sarah Winnemucca, a benevolent and highly cultured Indian Princess, had been lecturing in New York and Boston in an attempt to raise funds to give to the tribe to which she belonged farming utensils of all kinds with which to educate and support themselves by intelligent labor.
>
> In due course dear Miss Peabody wrote thanking me and all her beloved young-teacher friends for the birthday gift. "It came at such a welcome time," she said, "for I was able to send the good Princess Winnemucca eight hundred dollars out of your generous thousand, to carry on her noble and self-sacrificing work." (!!!)
>
> I nearly fainted when I read the letter, but I loved her none the less. She herself was living without a single luxury. There are a few people (not so very many) who ought to be adopted by the world at large, and freed from every care.

Many people perhaps know Kate Douglas Wiggin best by her "Rebecca" in story, play, and movies. We think that they will like to read her purpose and idea in turning the story into a play:

> I suppose because at the age of eighteen I was called "The Mother's Companion" and "The Children's Friend" people will always look for a "purpose" in me. I had a definite desire to write a merry, frolicsome, tender, natural little drama, with ever so many smiles in it; a hearty laugh here and there (not too loud a laugh), a tear now and then, a throb of sympathy. I wanted the fragrance of innocent childhood and girlhood to steal out over the footlights. I longed to make a verdant little spot in the heat and dust of Forty-second Street, a New England haying-field in July, and coax all the men and women who had been country boys and girls to come in and rest their tired nerves with a vision of their "little past" lived, perhaps, in some such village as the one to which Rebecca comes, in an old-time stage-coach.

Mrs. Riggs—it is rather hard to remember her except by her familiar pen-name—was intensely a social being. Her circle of friends was both wide and choice, and the narrative here given of pleasant occasions, of letters written and received—there is one letter particularly charming and witty from Dion Boucicault—and of cheery parties and jaunts is continuously readable.

Some authors seem in personality something quite apart from their

[1] My Garden of Memory. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

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Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company

MRS. RIGGS READING ALOUD FROM A MANUSCRIPT

books; some infuse their work with their personality; Kate Douglas Wiggin's books *were* her personality. She was not a novelist in exactly the sense that applies to Margaret Deland or Mrs. Atherton, but one always feels in pleasant company when reading her stories; their sprightliness is never forced or assumed, but always the spontaneous expression of a lover of human nature. She truly fulfilled that ambition which she records in these memoirs:

> Years and years ago I said: "To write a book that two successive generations of children might love, read twice, and put under their pillows at night, oh! what joy of joys, greater than showers of gold or wreaths of laurel!" Some people would call that a humble wish, viewed from the standpoint of their own ambitions; others would deem it too great to be realized.

To her may be rightly and exactly applied her own description of a quality to be desired: "There is one quality possessed by every writer who has the world with him; it is the infectious spirit of enthusiasm. Would that we all had it! There are some who possess the magic touch; who have the same effect as a beautiful morning that never reaches noon. Under their spell one's mind is braced, one's spirit recreated; one is ready for any adventure, even if it only be the doing of the next distasteful task light-heartedly. Heaven send us more such writers!"

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

DON QUIXOTE. By Miguel De Cervantes. Edited by William Dean Howells. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.50.

Like all humorists, the late William Dean Howells had a strong appreciation of the humor and satire of the immortal Don Quixote. Because of this he lamented the fact that the enormous length of the work, and sometimes its unnecessary verbosity, deterred many from reading it entire, and that thereby they lost many of the best parts of the story. It was a labor of love, therefore, for Mr. Howells to prepare this condensed edition of Cervantes's great novel. Mr. Howells's daughter furnishes an interesting introduction which tells why and how her father was led to undertake this task and of the special pleasure they had together in visiting in Spain the country in which Cervantes lived and which formed the imaginary scene of the story. It is safe to advise readers who wish to become acquainted with "Don Quixote" to choose this revision for that purpose.

POETRY

ABELARD AND HELOISE. By Willis Vernon Cole. The Universal Good Publishing Corporation, New York.

This version of the old love story, in a play of four acts with ten scenes, succeeds in the essential matters of suggesting the conflict of passions and in securing sympathetic interest in the characters. The poetry is the poetry of the Elizabethian dramatic pattern, and of uneven excellence. Some of the passages possess a degree of literary merit, but there is little of the dramatic quality in the writing. The best poetry in the play is to be found in the occasional songs and in some of the dialogues between Abelard and Heloise.

LINCOLN AND OTHERS. By Thomas Curtis Clark. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

A group of poems celebrative of the character and career of Lincoln is the predominant feature of this collection, which has little to recommend it beyond an earnest effort to write what the author's education has taught him to believe poetry should sound like. Other figures—Shakespeare, Keats, Whitman—also are eulogized. The remainder of the book is composed largely of philosophic sentimentalizing and poems on nature. For the most part the book is uninspired poetizing.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

FANCIES VERSUS FADS. By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

In referring to Mr. Bryan as an "old demagogue" Mr. Chesterton declares that he means no disrespect, and that he much preferred him in the days when he was a demagogue over the days when he was a diplomatist. He was a wiser man when he refused to allow the financiers to crucify humanity on a golden cross than when he consented to allow the Kaiser to crucify it on an iron cross. This is a book of characteristic essays; the observations of one of the few conservatives who are witty. The radicals are biting or ironical; they are seldom witty and never humorous. Usually they are conspicuously lacking in humor. The conservative too often take it out in mere wrath. Mr. Chesterton considers the saying of a young American Rhodes Scholar who argued that prohibition was not a violation of liberty because if total abstainers grew up without the desire for drink they would never be conscious of any violation of their freedom. He then gravely proposes that if a man finds it convenient to keep miners or other proletarians permanently underground he has only to make sure that all their babies are born in pitch darkness, and they will certainly never imagine the light of day.

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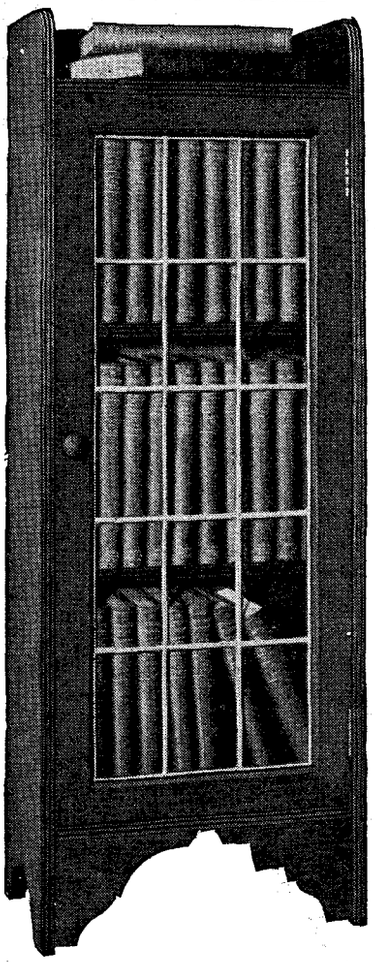

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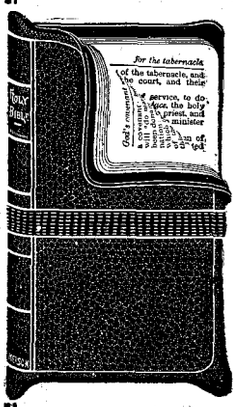

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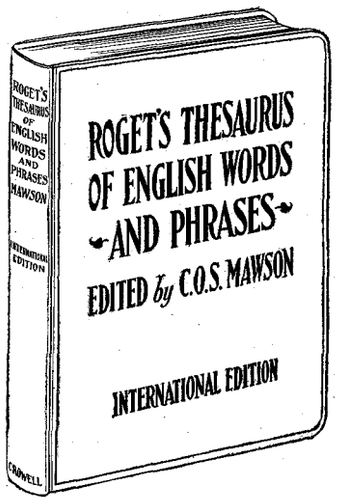

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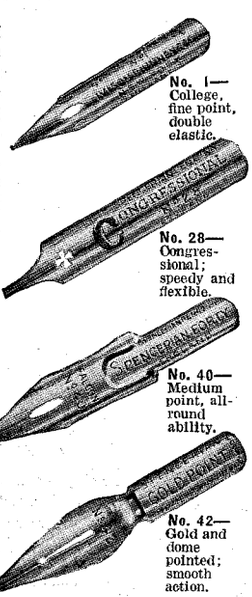

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THE MAIL BAG

CIVIL SERVICE AND THE RIGHT TO FIRE

AN article in The Outlook for October 3 entitled "Salvaging the Veterans' Bureau," by Stanley Frost, has just been brought to the attention of this Commission. The following appears in the article: "Inside his [the Director of the Veterans' Bureau's] organization, too, his power is strictly limited. Most employees, even the political placemen, are protected by Civil Service law, and he cannot discharge them unless their inefficiency becomes so gross that it can be proved in court."

The Commission does not wish a large number of intelligent readers to receive the erroneous impression that this statement must give.

There is nothing in any law, rule, or regulation that stands in the way of the dismissal, *at the will of the head of the establishment,* of an inefficient or otherwise undesirable employee of the Federal Civil Service; and the head of the establishment is the sole judge as to what constitutes inefficiency or other undesirable quality. Indifference on the part of administrative officers, personal friendships within the Service, pressure from outside, sometimes do stand in the way. Where the inefficient are retained the fault is not to be found in the law, but is chargeable to interference with the operation of the spirit and letter of the laws enacted for the betterment of the Civil Service.

The removal law for the classified Civil Service provides that the person whose removal is sought "shall have notice of the same and of any charges preferred against him, and be furnished with a copy thereof, and also be allowed a reasonable time for personally answering the same in writing; and affidavits in support thereof; *but no examination of witnesses nor any trial or hearing shall be required except in the discretion of the officer making the removal.*" The whole procedure must be made a part of the records of the department or office concerned.

Having complied with the provision of the law that the accused shall have a statement in writing of the reasons for the proposed removal, and having received the statement of the accused, the officer who seeks to make the removal of an inefficient employee may end the matter then and there. He is not called upon to prove his case to any one. He is accuser, judge, and jury. The only cases in which his action may authoritatively be questioned are those in which it is charged with offer of proof that the removal is for religious or political reasons;

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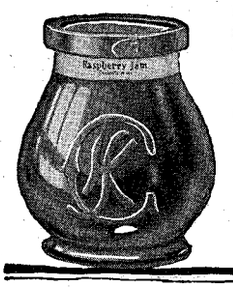

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THE MAIL BAG (*Continued*)

in either such case this Commission is authorized to make investigation.

In such a large organization as the Federal Civil Service doubtless there is some deadwood. This condition exists also in private employment. One of the problems now facing this Commission and other Government agencies is a better method of weeding out the inefficient. It is certain, however, that the retention of the incapable is not anything like so general as some suppose. The Reclassification Law, which becomes effective on July 1, 1924, includes provision for a system of efficiency ratings under central jurisdiction, upon which ratings increases or decreases in compensation, and retention or dismissal, will depend. An equitable system of efficiency ratings is extremely difficult of accomplishment, but the agencies of the Government charged with the execution of the Reclassification Law do not admit that it is impossible.

In another article by Stanley Frost, which appears in your issue of October 17, we find the following quotation:

> Here, for example, are the qualifications laid down for the contact man—the simplest common sense, and yet impossible to put into a Civil Service examination and equally impossible to trust to an executive working on the back-scratching principles that govern our administration. He must be an overseas man, must have information about the trades and industry from personal experience, must be kindly, understanding, sympathetic, patient. But he was not required to know the boundaries of Indo-China nor the meaning of "isotherm." Men so chosen naturally could do the work.

It may be stated that the bald assertion that common sense is impossible to "put" into a Civil Service examination discloses lack of knowledge of the facts and of the possibilities of the examination system. In the examination for contact men education and experience are weighted 40 per cent, practical questions under various war-benefit acts 30 per cent, and mental tests 30 per cent. The mental tests involve such factors as judgment, alertness, and general information; and, although Mr. Frost may have intended the sentence, "But he was not required to know the boundaries of Indo-China nor the meaning of 'isotherm,'" as a humorous comment, it seems out of place in what is understood to be an authoritative article.

The whole matter, from the standpoint of the Civil Service Commission, may be summed up in the statement that wherever the Commission was permitted to co-operate first with the Bureau of War Risk Insurance and then with the United States Veterans' Bureau it followed its uniform practice with respect to other offices of making an individual study of the duties of the position and then, in co-operation with qualified officials, devising an appropriate examination aimed to elicit the desired qualifications among the various candidates. Of course consideration had to be given to the salary which the Government authorized for the position and to the probable available supply of qualified candidates willing to accept such salary.

JOHN T. DOYLE,
Secretary, United States Civil Service Commission.

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